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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Lafayette*

THE BARONESS DE FOREST AND HER DAUGHTER

A popular young hostess, the wife of the Baron de Forest, the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch. She is the sister of the present Lord Gerard, and the possessor of wealth by her godmother, the late Lady Rosebery

No. 156.—Vol. XII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Dickens." By J. Walker McSpadden. (Harrap.)
"John Gilpin." (Constable: 1*s.* net.)
"The Japanese Fairy Book." By Ozaki. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"With Roberts to Candahar." By F. S. Brereton. (Blackie: 5*s.*)
"Poems of Nature." By G. K. A. Bell. (Routledge: 1*s.* net.)
"Daniel O'Connell." By Arthur Houston. (Pitman: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Songs of Innocence." By William Blake. (Black: 6*d.*)
"Tam o' Shanter." By Robert Burns. (Black: 6*d.*)
"Christmas Carols." By Gilbert James. (Black.)
"The Star Reciter." By Mrs. A. S. Bradshaw. (Greening: 1*s.*)
"The Garden of My Heart." By Beatrice Kelston. (Mathews: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"La Faustin." By Edmond de Goncourt. (Greening: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"British Dogs at Work." By A. Croxton-Smith. (Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Poets' Parables." By A. C. Robinson. (Appleton: 1*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Prisoners of Conscience." By Amelia E. Barr. (Fisher Unwin.)
"For the Admiral." By W. G. Marx. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Philosopher and the Foundling." By Georg Engel. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Adventures of Merrywink." By C. G. Whyte. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 28, 1906

"Should Ladies Ride Astride?"—A question of habit, we should say.

* * *

A Glaswegian workman lost his life last week through being swamped by the bursting of a vast whisky vat. Oh, death, where is thy sting?

* * *

The *Tribune* should really be more careful. It has grievously hurt Mr. Lewis Waller's feelings by excluding *Robin Hood* from under the heading "Musical Plays" in its Entertainment Guide.

* * *

"The word," says the Kaiser, "which depresses me most of all is *reichsverdrossenheit*." Without a rest between the syllables for refreshment, it would, we imagine, depress a funeral mute.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* are to be commended for their generous offer of £10,000 to the first man who flies from London to Manchester; but someone ought to point out to them that their legal status in the matter is somewhat shaky. By a law that comes into force on January 1 it is, we understand, to be a punishable offence to "tip."

* * *

Inventors will be encouraged by the *Mail's* reminder that "there are plenty of financiers who will gladly advance the money in order that they may win the £10,000 prize," especially as, in the same issue, M. Santos-Dumont points out that the secret of success in aeroplaning is to "keep the balance."

* * *

Reptiles, says the *London Argus*, are extremely short-sighted. It is certainly comforting to reflect that when you "see snakes" they don't see you.

* * *

"Perplexed" writes: "I have been carrying out some recent advice in *Feathered Life* to give hens broken china to eat, with the result that all my Cochins have taken to laying Cochin china eggs! What should I do?"

Give them a good dorking-to, "Perplexed."

* * *

Though by no means business people, we should imagine that the advertisement now being freely given to "Trust Soap" surpasses that paid for by Pears.

How to keep fit and fight disease

Eminent medical men state that the common house-fly is a menace to health, which should be exterminated. A common towel, twisted newspaper, or ping-pong racket applied every few hours will work wonders

(*Drawn by Charles Crombie*)

To Mr. Frank Richardson—condolences. One of the Christmas numbers, with amazing labour of the obvious, describes a story, by *him*, as "humorous."

* * *

We notice that a Parliamentary Paper on the House of Commons' Debates is being offered to the public at the patent medicine price of 1*s*. 1½*d*. A cure for insomnia?

* * *

There is a most desirable innovation in the new Ellerman liner launched recently—a nursery on the bridge deck. The idea might well be adopted in the London card-clubs.

* * *

"Formerly," complains "Ruffler" in *Vanity Fair* "no man would have dreamed of going to see any lady—except a relation or *chère amie*—in any but a black coat and black boots."

Formerly, too, dear Mr. Ruffler, no gentleman would have dreamed of mixing up relations and *chères amies* at one fell swoop. In Paris—but stay, perchance Mr. Ruffler knoweth not the species of which he so innocently prattles, and not for worlds would I enlighten him. He is yet young—very.

* * *

A correspondent writes: "Dear Bystander,—I have constantly to supply my husband (who suffers from his liver) with new dishes to tempt his appetite. A gentleman in the *World* writes that he 'lunched the other day at Dieudonné's, and found a great many other people besides myself enjoying a well-arranged menu.' To what new species of bird does the menu belong? Is it a kind of emu? Is it nicer eaten alone? And is one menu sufficient for a good many other people besides myself? An early reply will oblige, yours truly, The Gourmand's Wife."

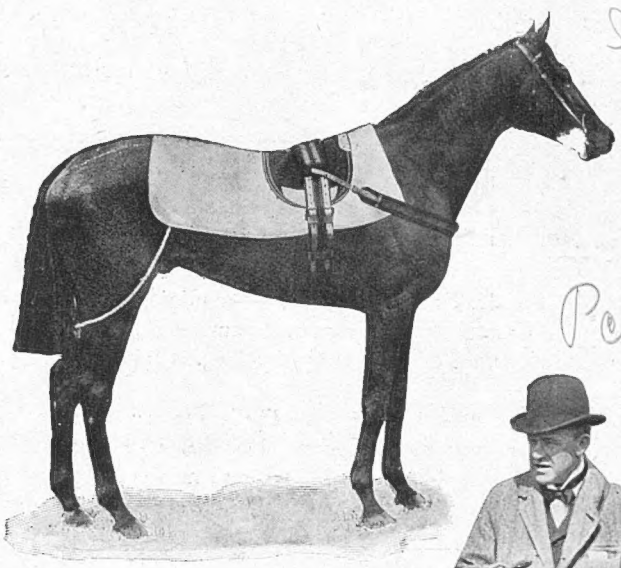
* * *

The Song of the "Boom"

(*"John Strange Winter" tells us that the coming craze is the cult of the boomerang. This suggests an encore verse for Sir A. Conan Doyle's well-known "Song of the Bow."*)

What of the "boom"? What of the "boom"?
The "boom" was made in England, in England, in England:
Of light wood,
Of right wood,
Of wood we know the grain.
So we'll toss off a draught
To the boomerang craft
And the land where the "boom"'s *all caine!*

All the Winners!



Bridge of Canny
Who won nine races for Lord Derby, of the value of £10,255

Troutbeck
Second among big winners in 1906, having secured nine races worth £10,968, including the St. Leger

HORSES, OWNERS, TRAINERS, AND JOCKEYS

WHO HAVE, TOGETHER, SUCCEEDED IN PULLING OFF THE HONOURS OF THE RACING YEAR OF 1906, WHICH CAME TO A CONCLUSION LAST WEEK

The Duke of Westminster (right)
Who has won 11 of the year's races, and £11,270 15s., the most famous win being Troutbeck's St. Leger. On the left of the Duke is Lord Cholmondeley

Mr. W. Hall Walker
Winner of 24 races and £14,355 in the past year, and owner of the crack two-year-old Polar Star

Lord Derby leading Keystone II.
The most successful owner of the year. Twenty of his horses have won more races (44)—and more money—than those of any other owner, Keystone II. alone having won five worth £12,837. Lord Derby's winnings this year total £32,936

Major Eustace Loder
Winner of 12 races and £17,349. Owner of Pretty Polly and Spearmint, the Derby and Grand Prix winner

Racing Records for the Year 1906

R. Marsh

Fourth among winning trainers of the year, having won 28 races (with 16 horses), value £19,198

The Hon. George Lambton

Who heads the list of winning trainers for 1906. He has had 22 winning horses, which have secured 46 races, worth £34,068

P. P. Gilpin

The second most successful trainer of the season, having won 21 races (with 15 horses), worth £33,658

The Champion Jockey: W. Higgs

Who has ridden the largest number of winners of any jockey in 1906 (149). Higgs has made a rapid advance to the head of his profession

D. Maher

Who has ridden 103 winners this year out of 353 mounts. His success in the chief races was amazing, and his percentage of winners is very fine

A. Taylor

Third among winning trainers, 20 of his horses having won 39 races, worth £27,355

O. Madden

Second on the list of winning jockeys, having ridden 104 winners out of 562 mounts

Platitudes About the "Dreadnought"

The shell driven from one of the *Dreadnought's* guns has a force that would just about lift the Park Row Syndicate Building, if it were not attached to the ground by its foundations.—*New York World.*

It is calculated that if the *Dreadnought* were placed in the Strand, it would considerably interfere with vehicular traffic, and it is an open question whether the police would even allow the experiment to be made.

One of the largest "Vanguard" motor-omnibuses, if placed alongside the *Dreadnought* would look ridiculously small in comparison

A shell driven from one of the *Dreadnought's* guns, and directed at the Nelson Column, would probably bring it toppling down, unless it is very much attached to its foundations.

The sleeping accommodation on the *Dreadnought* is considerably in excess of that obtainable in a flat which would readily let in London at £60 per annum.

If the *Dreadnought* were ever to become the guardship on the Serpentine, the Office of Works would be called upon to undertake deepening operations, which would cost the nation a not inconsiderable sum.

A full-grown man could walk upright through one of the *Dreadnought's* funnels, supposing—for a moment—that it was placed upon the ground in a horizontal position, to enable him to do so.

It has been stated in some quarters that the *Dreadnought* would reach from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush. This is an exaggeration. On the other hand, it is true that the Central London Railway boasts of this enormous length.

* * *

There is a busy time in store for the British hen. The Utility Poultry Club intend to commence a twelve months' laying competition next year. It is a pity that there is no immediate prospect of a General Election.

* * *

Sisyphus on the Sea-shore

On the shore of a small seaside town in the North of Ireland a gang of workmen were engaged in driving in some piles, and a small crowd was watching the familiar process by which the heavy block of wood, or ram, is slowly raised by a windlass to the top of a sort of cage, whence it is automatically released and falls upon the pile. But among the onlookers was an old woman from "up country," who had never seen such an apparatus before, and was evidently at some pains to discover its object. She watched patiently while the ram made its laborious ascent and sudden descent for about twenty times in succession, and then she turned away. "Ach!" said she, in disgusted tones, "Sure, they'll *never* get it to stay up!"

"THE BYSTANDER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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The Topictator

THE PRE-OCCUPATION OF Mr. JOHN BULL

I.
J.B "FOUR THREE QUARTERS TO BALANCE THE STELLENBOSCH QUARTETTE—AH—THERE I'M DONE. HULLO! WHAT ARE YOU SHOUTING ABOUT? CHINESE? CHINESE ARE NO USE TO ME. WHAT I WANT IS FOUR ENGLISHMEN LIKE KENNETH McLEOD."

II.
J.B "I CAN'T HELP YOUR EMPTY ST—I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—HERE—I WAS THINKING AT THE TIME ABOUT A FULL-BACK"

III.
J.B "HALF-BACKS, NOW—HM—H'M—JAGO AND PETERS—H'M—WHAT ABOUT STOOP?—EH! WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU AMUSED AT, SIR? EDUCATION BILL? WHO'S HE? WHAT'S HIS SURNAME? CAN HE PARTNER STOOP?"

IV.
J.B. "ALL I REQUIRE IS FOUR MEN WHO THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER'S GAME AND WILL PLAY INTO ONE ANOTHER'S HANDS. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THEM?
P.C. "WELL THERE'S ME, MY MATE, THE SERJINT AND THE INSPECTOR".

V
J.B. "FORWARD—"
SUFF: "FORWARD?!?!"
J.B "A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, MADAM. FACT IS I'M AFRAID I WASN'T THINKING OF YOU. I WAS WONDERING WHO TO PUT IN THE PACK. YOU HAVEN'T A BROTHER OR TWO, I SUPPOSE WITH YOUR NATURAL APTITUDE FOR SCRUMMAGING?"

THE RESULT OF THE VISIT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Retiring Diva

Of Madame Adelina Patti it may well be said, as Viardot said of Persiani, "*Son genre est petit, mais elle est grande dans son genre*"; and it was Mr. Henry James who, many years ago at Homburg, after describing Patti's singing as that of a lark showering down notes of silver and gold upon a recipient earth, said, "If this is not Art, then give me Nature." To Patti, as she herself once told me, the act of singing was instinctive, and the study of vocalism formed no part of her career. As a child she sung as she did at the height of her Victorian fame, and she often tells how, at the mature age of seven, she once went to hear Grisi sing at a private concert. Quite simply, at the end of that grandiose lady's song, the child Patti went up to her and said, "Oh, no. That's bad. Your trill isn't even. You rest too long on the first note. Do it as I do." And from the baby throat there issued a trill so perfect, so exquisitely sustained, that Mario, standing by, caught the child in his arms and assured her, then and there, that she was destined to be a great singer.

* * *

A Diva's Treasures

Born in Madrid, the child of Italian parents, and brought up in New York, Madame Patti, the complete mistress of at least six languages, is nothing if not a cosmopolitan. She began her career as a professional singer at the mature age of eight—fifty-six years ago—and in that half-century she has met and known not only every crowned head and almost every Royalty in Europe, but also all the interesting people of the age. Craig-y-nos Castle is one big storehouse of souvenirs. Her jewels are world-famed. Her turquoises and diamonds were the gift of a quartette of Russian grand-dukes. Her sapphires formed her wedding-gift from the Empress Eugénie. Her rubies were given her by Queen Victoria, and her priceless and almost numberless rings, and combs, and bracelets, and pendants, are souvenirs from members of the Rothschild and other illustrious families. Amongst her Royalty-signed photographs, Patti treasures, perhaps most, one of the late King of Spain and his Austrian wife. Once, on her birthday, the Diva was singing at the Palace in Madrid. The Queen-Mother came to her, the baby King Alfonso, our very good friend, in her arms, and in her hands the Royal photograph, inscribed, "*Mille félicitations*, and many happy returns, *sur tout parmi nous*."

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Madame Adelina Patti

Who, to the sorrow of all lovers of music, is definitely retiring from the concert platform

The Letters of Queen Victoria

Queen Victoria's letters, it seems, will be published in the late Spring of 1907, and will be given to the world in three big volumes, edited by Lord Esher and Mr. Benson, to whom the not wholly enviable task has been confided of editing her late Majesty's correspondence. An immense amount of personal matter has been eliminated from the letters, and King Edward, who is a severe censor when it comes to the point, has himself gone through the budget and blue-pencilled many passages which, doubtless, the public would have most enjoyed. For they would make piquant reading! The Queen had the strongest of likes and dislikes, and did not hesitate to announce them.

* * *

Her Teutonic Love of the Pretty

The naive predeliction she had for young and handsome men finds expression again and again in her letters. Although the gift of humour was denied her, she appreciated the humour of others, and always gave the dull a wide berth. For youth and prettiness her sentiment was really quite German in its intensity, and her grand-daughters were never so careful to dress becomingly as in her presence.

The Princess of Wales tells how, when her hairdresser was putting the last touch to her wedding *coiffure*, Queen Victoria came into her room and asked for first this and then that alteration to be made in the bridal *coiffure* so as better to suit the face of its wearer. Of Queen Alexandra, her mother-in-law was extremely fond, and the only fault she had to find in her was that she dressed too youthfully for the mother of grown-up children.

* * *

The Queen's Men Friends

Among the men about her Court, the Queen most enjoyed a chat with Lord Rowton, and would rally him sometimes in almost coquettish fashion. Not long before the end, the Queen said to him one night at Windsor—it was during the Boer War—"People say this war will mean my death. But no! I don't mean that Mr. Kruger shall kill *me*."

Signor Tosti, too, she liked. Once when Christine Nillson was singing to her *en petit comité*, she called the Signor to her. "Oh, Tosti," she said, laughing almost archly, "don't you think *I* could sing the *Lohengrin* prayer better than that?"

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER NEXT WEEK
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Not a Caruso Benefit!

NEW YORK AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE RECENT ELECTION

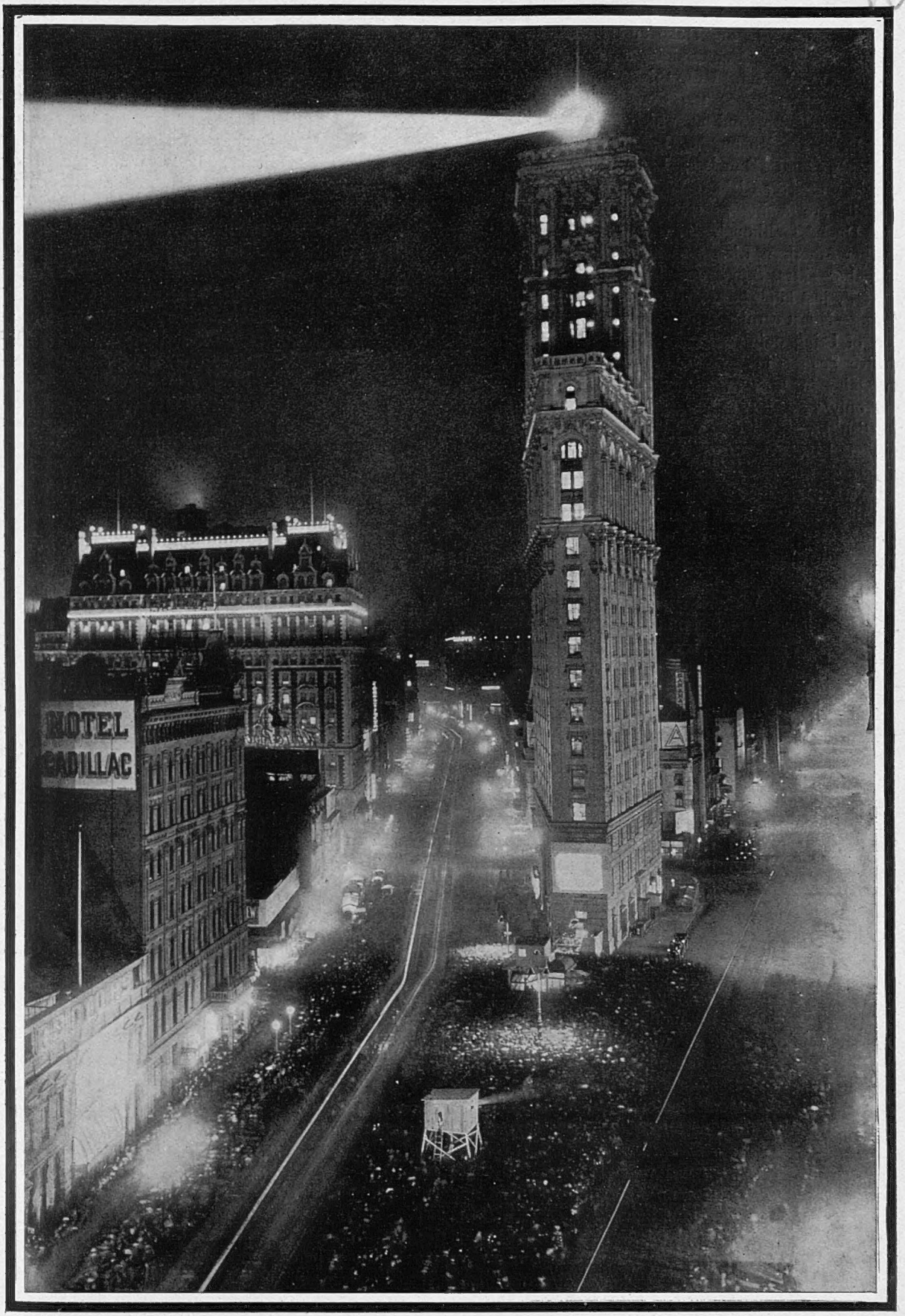


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

It is, indeed, doubtful if the expression, "*ville lumière*," can be applied to Paris while New York is with us. Even an ordinary night, the blaze of lights on "Broadway," in its "Tenderloin," or pleasure quarter, surpasses in brilliancy that of any city of the world. On Festival occasions, however, such as the celebration of the recent Hughes victory, the streets looked simply radiant with the blaze of illuminations. See, in front, the line of Broadway to the left, Fifth Avenue to the right, and in between, the vast "Flat-Iron" building, crested with a blazing searchlight. And notice the crowds assembled below to learn the result of the poll

An Exclusively Exclusive Duchess

An Exclusive American Duchess

At Floors Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe are this week entertaining a party of guests for the Buccleuch Hunt Ball, which takes place to-day at the Corn Exchange, Kelso, and at which the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Dalkeith, Lord Dunglass, Lord Binning, and Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, are acting as stewards. The Duchess, although she often has her American friends to stay with her—Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has only just lately been visiting at Floors—is fast earning the reputation of being quite the most exclusive hostess in Society. She entertains in London not at all, and only very little in the great Scottish house which the Goelet millions have made such a thing of beauty—a jewel of great price set in what are, I believe, the most beautiful gardens in all Scotland. Electric light, gorgeous decoration, and superb furnishings now stand forth where, before the Anglo-American alliance, there was no money to keep the place up at all, for the Duke, personally, is a comparatively poor man.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

The Duchess of Roxburghe

Who is this week entertaining a party for the Buccleuch Hunt Ball. She is said to be the most exclusive hostess in Society

* * *

The Roxburghe Jewels

It is, however, only since her marriage that the former Miss May Goelet has avoided London Society. Before that event, which took place in New York three years ago, and which equalled in splendour even that of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and Lord and Lady Craven, Mrs. Ogden Goelet entertained much and magnificently for her daughter during their tenancy of Wimborne House, and the extreme exclusiveness practised by the Duchess was certainly not inculcated in her by her mother. One of the few places at which Her Grace is to be seen in London is Prince's Skating Rink, for, like the Duchess of Bedford, she is extremely fond of all outdoor exercises, especially skating and golf. Small, dark, and very alert, the Duchess makes up for her lack of inches by an amplitude of dignity, and I know no one in England more fully possessed of the grand air than is this particular Duchess. The owner of one of the finest collection of jewels in the kingdom, the Duchess has for many years collected turquoises, and these have now been set, swinging fashion, in one of her eight tiaras. It is a fact that the jewels given her as wedding-gifts alone valued some £200,000, and since then the Dowager-Duchess has made over to her the famous Roxburghe emeralds. It is often said that the present Duchess has modelled herself on her mother-in-law, for it was the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe and her sisters, Lady Wimborne, Lady Sarah Wilson, and the late Lady Howe, who were once severally defined as stately, serious, smart, and sporting.

Photo *Bassano*

The Hon. Neil Primrose

Who has just inherited a house and a large fortune from his great-aunt, the late Miss Lucy Cohen

* * *

Another Young Man With a Future

Mr. Neil Primrose, the second son of Lord Rosebery, though not yet twenty-four, is even now said to be one of the cleverest of his father's children. His career at New College, Oxford, ended last year, and it is quite probable that the beautiful house in Great Stanhope Street and the large fortune which have been left him by his great-aunt, the late Miss Lucy Cohen, will prove no small factors in the hastening of that political career upon which Mr. Primrose is already anxious to embark. He has inherited, in common with his brother, Lord Dalmeny, that priceless gift of languages which forms so great a part of the Rothschild armoury, and indeed there seems great likelihood that Mr. Neil Primrose will before long usurp, in the eyes of his friends, that position which his father, Lord Rosebery, has held for so long—*i.e.* that of being a "young man with a future." Mr. Primrose, however, is not the only member of his family to benefit by his great-aunt's will. Lord Dalmeny has been left £150,000, and the Countess of Crewe and Lady Sybil Grant £100,000 apiece.

* * *

The Shaw Audience

The Shaw audience, I decided, after seeing *The Doctor's Dilemma*, is just about the funniest spectacle in all London just now. The Shaw stalls, secure in the knowledge that they are doing the correct thing, are quite happy. The Shaw dress-circle, in blouses and dark skirt, and wearing an air of extreme intensity, appreciates and applauds. There one sees the woman of fashion, dripping with sables, manicured, massaged; the woman of culture of the period; and the intense, soulful young person who really takes Mr. Shaw seriously, and who, for her sins, I presume, is clothed from beginning to end in Jaeger and Liberty.

TWO QUEENS WALK OUT IN WINDSOR

Snapshot of Queen Alexandra and her daughter, Queen Maud of Norway, in Windsor

In the intervals between learning from the papers the apocryphal doings of the Crown Prince Olaf, Queen Alexandra (the child's grandmother) and Queen Maud of Norway (his mother) took a little much-needed exercise, and in the above photograph their Majesties are seen taking a walk in Windsor. Their Majesties, the Queens, spent last week at Sandringham, where King Edward, after a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at Goodwood, joined them on Saturday

A Philanthropic Duchess

Photo *Rimton*

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford and Miss Maud Hay-Drummond, the philanthropist

The owner of the London Mothers' Convalescent Home at Sunninghill, in which the Duchess is much interested. Miss Hay-Drummond is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Hay-Drummond, of Harlwood, Sunninghill, and a sister of the Hon. Mrs. George Eden and Lady Moncrieff

A Philanthropic Duchess

With her sister, Lady Henry Somerset, and the aged Baroness Burdett Coutts, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford shares the enviable reputation of being much given to good works. In the picture we are able to publish of Her Grace, the Duchess is seated next to a lady much younger, but equally interested in everything pertaining to charitable enterprise. She is Miss Maud Hay-Drummond, the owner of the London Mothers' Convalescent Home at Sunninghill, and a daughter of the Hon. Charles Hay-Drummond, of Harlwood. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, who was Lady Adeline Somers-Cocks, daughter of the late and last Earl Somers, was one of the prettiest women in London when, in 1876, she married the late Duke of Bedford, then Lord Tavistock. Her chief interests centre, perhaps, in her rescue work and in her factory girls in the East End, but the Duchess is one of those women who believe that charity begins at home, and the many good deeds she has performed for the women of her own class would fill a book to enumerate.

* * *

Pantomime at the Scala

The Kensington General Hospital, which, I am told by the Baroness de Voynish (Mrs. Moyle O'Connor), is totally inadequate to the demands made upon it, is to be assisted by a "fantastic fairy comedietta" at the Scala Theatre; and it is hoped by the forthcoming performance not only to pay off the heavy debts with which the hospital is crippled, but also to instal many more beds. The pantomime, which bears the uninspiring title of *Humpty Dumpty*, is to be performed three nights in succession, and the cast is to include, amongst many others, the two Misses FitzGeorge and Sir Simon Stuart, Bart. The Baroness de Voynish and her husband, Dr. Moyle O'Connor, are together working their hardest to make the affair a success, as they have the cause very much at heart, and they have already enlisted the sympathies and help of the Princess of Wales, of the Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, and a host of others, including Lady FitzGeorge, the wife of Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, son of the late Duke of Cambridge.

* * *

Ireland Awake Again!

Ireland is itself again. The Channel Fleet has been visiting there. The Vice-regal Court is settled in Dublin, and hunting has begun. County Limerick, last week, when the gay and giddy Channel Fleet was at Foynes, on the Shannon, responded nobly to what was expected of it in the way of hospitality, and Lord and Lady Monteagle were amongst the many who entertained a big party for the occasion. Amongst their guests was Lady Limerick, whose skill as a pianist, and whose charm as a member of a country house-party, is always heartily appreciated.

Charity Pantomime at the Scala

In Dublin

Up to the present, in Dublin, the chief social events of the still youthful season have been Mrs. Bryce's receptions at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, but quite a lot of entertainment and excitement is predicted for the next month or two, when everyone is settled down in Dublin for the winter. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Walker at Pembroke House, Sir John and Lady Arnott, Lord and Lady Grenfell at the Royal Hospital, and General Sir Herbert and Lady Plumer, are amongst those to whom Dublin invariably looks for entertainment, and is not disappointed. The vogue of the young married woman, it is rather interesting to note, has taken permanent root in Ireland. Quite one of the most admired women in Dublin is the Hon. Mrs. Nigel Stourton; while at the Vice-regal Court the whole suite, with the exception of Lord Anson, Lord Herschell, and Miss Grace Ridley, is made up of young married people.

* * *

Further North

At Baronscourt, their beautiful seat in Co. Tyrone, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn will entertain quietly throughout the winter as soon as they return from London. The tall, fair, and still handsome Duchess of Abercorn, had her lines been cast in less exalted spheres than in those of an Earl's daughter (she was Lady Mary Curzon) and a Duke's wife, would probably have made an ideal farmer's wife, for she combines with great business ability a love for the country and country pursuits which would, in the former capacity, have stood her in very good stead. Her Grace is celebrated for her successful dairying, and so good is her butter, and so excellent her cream, that she supplies not only many of the great Belfast firms, but also many of the Ocean liners with dairy produce. In the interesting group on a following page, the Duchess has on her left, Lady Norah Brassey, who, as Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, became engaged to Captain Brassey in Ascot week last summer, and whose picture by Lavery, earlier in the year, at the New Gallery was one of the features of the Show. On the Duchess's right is Mrs. Corry, *née* the Hon. Clare O'Brien, a sister of Lord Inchiquin, and behind her, Lady Alexandra Hamilton, the only unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess, their younger daughter, Lady Gladys, having married the young Earl of Wicklow four years ago.

The Baroness de Voynish
(Mrs. Moyle O'Connor)

Lady FitzGeorge

Wife of Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, and daughter-in-law of the late Duke of Cambridge

Three ladies who are taking active part in the "fantastic fairy comedietta" to be performed at the Scala Theatre in aid of the Kensington General Hospital

Miss Iris FitzGeorge

Daughter of Colonel FitzGeorge

Ireland, Home, and Beauty

The Hon. Mrs. Nigel Stourton

One of the prettiest and most admired women in Dublin Society at the present moment

Photo *Lallie Charles*

The Hon. Mrs. Skeffington Smythe

A prominent hostess and a daughter of the seventh Viscount Galway

Photos

The Hon. Evelyn Constance Handcock

The only daughter of Lady Castlemaine

Lafayette

Viscount Glentworth and Lady Victoria Perry

The two children of Lady Limerick, who is an accomplished musician and singer

Noted Figures in Dublin Drawing Rooms

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

FOUR IRISH SOCIETY WOMEN

HON. MRS. CORRY
Half-sister of Lord Inchiquin and sister of Mme. Marconi

LADY ALEXANDRA HAMILTON
Daughter of the Duchess of Abercorn

LADY NORAH BRASSEY
Sister of Lord Donoughmore

THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN
In her *débutante* days Lady Mary Curzon was the acknowledged beauty of the English and Vice-regal Courts

Come, Lassies and Lads!

SPORTS FOR YOUNG WORKERS AT MODEL BOURNVILLE

A welcome rest at mid-day. This spot is connected with the factory by an underground passage

Packing chocolates. Note the proximity of the trees to the windows

Workers homeward bound by cycle

The interior of the gymnasium for the men and boys

The solicitude with which Messrs. Cadbury, of cocoa and chocolate fame, look after their workers is proverbial, and the pictures given above of various aspects in their charming model village at Bournville, Worcestershire, speak for themselves

ROUND THE TOWN

Opera Nights

The Covent Garden season is closing with as much brilliancy and distinction as it began. This week, *Faust*, *Carmen*, *Otello*—with Melba; *La Traviata*—a constellation of stars—a pleiades of perfect performers; *Madama Butterfly* again, and so on through all the most graceful and distinguished works, until the season ends in a blaze of triumph.

* * *

The Deposed Goddess

We are extremely regretful to hear that Mr. Otho Stuart will revive *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Adelphi very shortly. Not that Titania and Bottom, Helena and the troop of fairies, are not more than ever welcome, but because the first night of *The Virgin Goddess* was so enthusiastic that we ventured to back her for a two months' run. Like many another favourite, she does not stay the course. The gloom and doom of the serious Mr. Besier is thus shown to be the sort of thing that a mad world won't pay to see; most of us are already so well supplied with those things.

* * *

To guard against the dog thief

Tattooing the owner's crest in the ear of a terrier—the latest means of identification in case of theft

Theatres Royal

The delightful practice of flying visits from London companies to His Majesty's parties in the country has, so far, been a great success this year. Miss Fanny Brough and the Haymarket people were delighted with the way *The Man from Blankley's* went at Sandringham. We have heard that the Queen and Princess Victoria were full of kindnesses to the artists. At Windsor, the decorative *Robin Hood* was warmly received, and Mr. Waller and his admirable company were

Photos *Berridge*

New-comers to Town: Lord Cranworth's lion cubs at the "Zoo"

Some of the latest visitors to the Gardens are the two baby lion cubs which have just been presented by Lord Cranworth. They are only ten weeks old, and the smallest that the Society has ever possessed. They are being reared by the bottle and a diet of raw beef. At present they are very tame and gentle, and will, perhaps, become at home in the "Zoo" in a fashion denied to those who come later in life and have their memories

Mr. Shaw's Medical Tragedy

as honoured by their audience as that galaxy of Kings and Princes was entertained by the bold Sherwood foresters and gallant ladies of the play.

* * *

See Shaw

The pen of the "Court" dramatist has produced one more *chef d'œuvre*. Mr. Bernard Shaw's pet audience are delighted with their pet playwright's latest *pasticcio*, and all goes merrily at the *matinées* of Messrs. Barker and Vedrenne. That Mr. Shaw still amuses is a sufficient excuse for his plays; the mere fact that his sometimes brusque, loose dialogue and farce, his lack of continuity, and his pseudo-candid method do not make for truth or edification, is, perhaps, of no importance.

* * *

"Death, a Farce"

We had expected that Mr. Shaw's title would have been claimed by some forgotten writer of the 'seventies, and that the above name would have been used in place of one that possesses so casual and alliterative a sound. However, the title fits one part of the play—it has many sides—that old-fashioned side which gives an eminent surgeon the ancient, farce-like name of Cutler Walpole, and makes the supposed wife of the artist-patient-bigamist appear at the moment when the plot most needs her. Another touch of the old machine is the fact that the one medical man able to save the artist's life adjusts his professional affairs in such a fashion that he must sacrifice another life to save the man he most desires to get rid of. When he has got rid of him, he loses his desire. But just how this character, the admirably drawn Sir Colenso Ridgeon (Mr. Webster), loses the beautiful and tender Jennifer Dubedat (Miss Lillah McCarthy), you will know when you have been to the Court. For everybody will go there to enjoy the modern, amusing, satirical, farcical side of the play and the clever pieces of character-drawing, and the occasionally inspired psychology with which each of the four acts—we omit the epilogue—are so liberally jewelled. The whole cast here is, as usual, a delightful one; of the six doctors—excellent types—Mr. Eric Lewis amuses immensely. Mr. Granville Barker greatly helps the rather impossible Dubedat, the artist, to be a little more possible than even the author can have hoped.

Photo *Histed*

New study (draped) of Mr. Bernard Shaw

Whose *A Doctor's Dilemma* was put on for a series of trial performances at the Court Theatre *matinées* last week

* * *

G. B. S. the Enemy of Bernard Shaw

If *The Doctor's Dilemma* did not happen to be by the author of *Man and Superman* and *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, one could enjoy its large discursive style and brilliant intentional wit with a lighter heart. Mr. Shaw has educated us to so full an appreciation of all his gifts that whatever he offers us now we ask something more of him. Thus the whirligig of advertisement brings home our revenges. He likes to make us laugh at his tragedies and take his wildest farce seriously; he likes to cause us to laugh at him, because we think he is laughing at us when he is, really, laughing at the others. Why should he not carry this idea a little further, and produce his next masterpiece under a pseudonym at some theatre other than the "Court"? He might then have an opportunity of laughing in quite a new way.

* * *

The London Sunday

Now that the weather is, fortunately, sufficiently bad to make the long motor-drive anything but a delight, one turns to the quiet day in Town with an agreeable relief. After the rush and hurry of the last few months, the still November morning, with its long breakfast, the excellent Sunday papers, the novel or two, and a book of memoirs we have been wanting to read for an age, is pleasant enough. When the rain holds up a little, one can be sure of a friend or two and a fairly dry gravel walk in the Park north of Apsley House. The Sunday lunch, too—for meals, however light, are still important, when well managed—is full of the charm of domesticity which we do so much to avoid but value so fully when we chance upon it. Then the fire-lit hour in the afternoon, when you have taken care that just the right number of amusing people shall drift in and be themselves without the *posé* feeling of more serious affairs, there is a pleasure in that which is difficult to match in more ambitious gatherings.

* * *

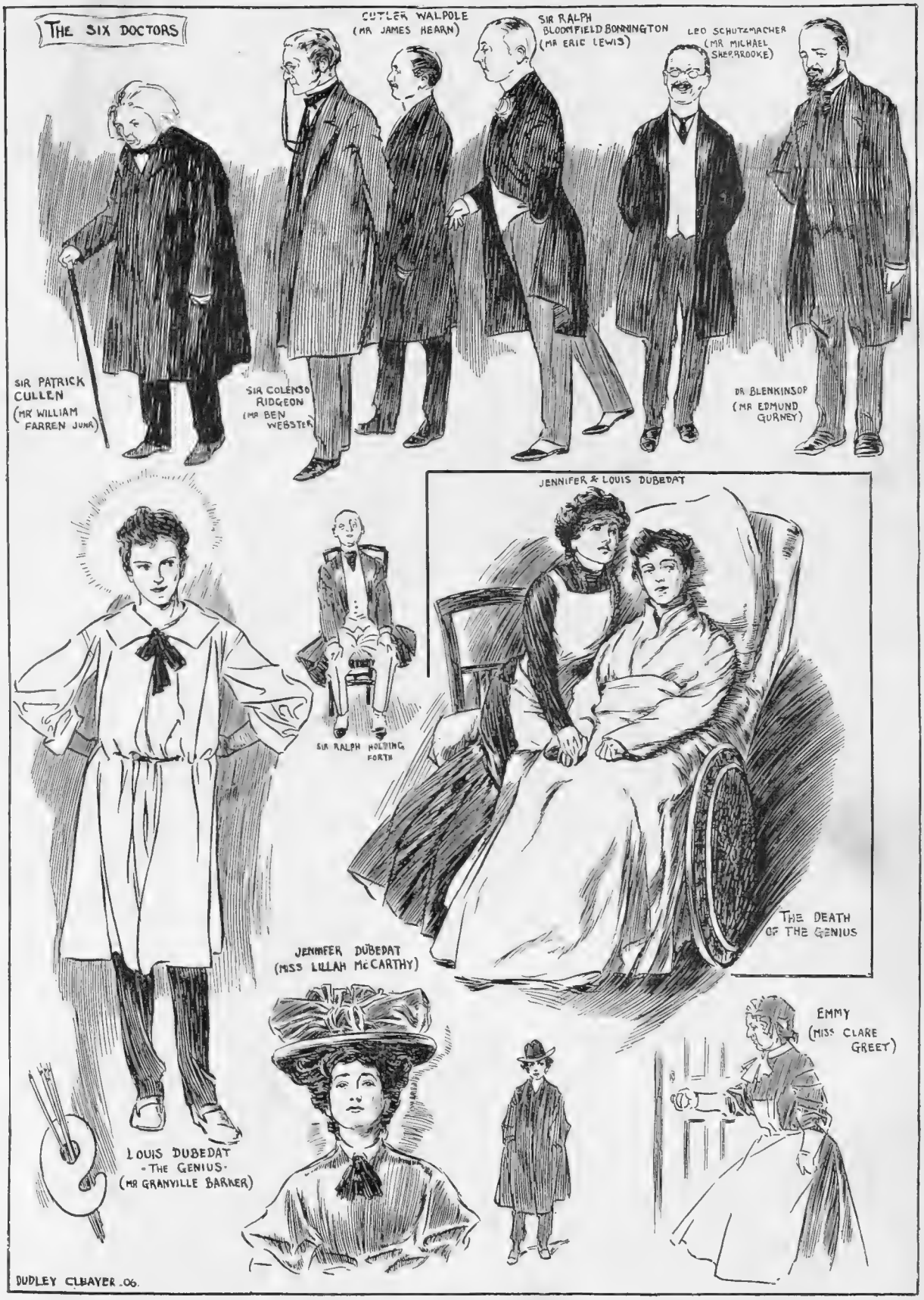
Other Sunday Charms

There seems to be an absolute lack of imagination in those who rail at the London Sunday. We have tried the same this day in a good many other cities of the world, and own we like it best at home. For those who have no friends and no interests, all towns are dull. Those who want bright life and music in the streets and parks, ask too much of our climate. Those who want all places of entertainment open are merely bores, afraid of themselves. For one day in the week the delights of one's own circle, one's own temperament, one's own world—egotism stimulated by a friend or so—that is very delightful.

SCENES IN

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

AT THE COURT THEATRE



DRAWN AT THE COURT THEATRE BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

A Defence of the London Sunday

Photo *Bassano*

The Latest Phase of Physical Culture: A Gymnasium Girl in "The Dairymaids" at the Apollo

After the Sandow girl comes the gymnasium girl, and she, in the person of Miss Ross, is to be seen in that popular success, *The Dairymaids*, at the Apollo

London's Sunday Shows

But if you must go out into the world, London contains no end of pleasant places. The Galleries and Museums are full to the brim of amusement, and, if your tastes lie that way, æsthetic pleasure. Then, in London, there is the added grace of uncertainty; you never quite know which galleries are open. I have spent a most agreeable afternoon driving from the Wallace to Whitechapel, Kensington Palace to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and finding gates, that were ajar but ten minutes before, coldly closed. These little excursions sharpen the appetite extraordinarily, both for a wiser series of visits next Sunday and for the comfortable dinner at nine o'clock, with which so many admirable hostesses enable us to close a day—at once restful and gay, pleasing to ourselves, and, therefore, we feel, of use to the human race.

* * *

The Garden That We Love

But if you really will go somewhere and see something, just as you would in Rome or Paris, there is always the now excellently well-conducted collection of birds, animals, and the other things, in Regent's Park. Sunday afternoon, as a guest of the Zoological Society—one has a ticket and not the boredom of a host—is full of colour, life, and happiness. The animals, who are rather *blasé* on the busy days, are awfully pleased you called on Sunday. Some people say that the brown bears store up their buns and offer them to their visitors on this day of the week only. We know that a blue-faced ape once pressed a walnut—or was it a chestnut?—into the hand of the editor of another weekly illustrated paper—but that was a special case, and by the way.

* * *

Mid-day Music

I had only space barely to mention last week the attempt which is being made to institute "lunch-time" concerts, but the series has been so cleverly arranged, and opened in such brilliant style, that a longer notice seems demanded. A suite, two songs, piano duet, and string quintet—all clever works all cleverly played — such was the programme. The Misses Adela and Mathilde Verne always play so marvellously together that it seems as if one brain controls both pairs of hands. On this occasion, they gave Schumann's celebrated variations for two pianofortes in B flat minor with well-considered emphasis of their eccentricities. Mr. Francis Braun sang Schumann and Brahms in his usual fluent style. And now one comes to the strings. The names of Madame Beatrice Langley, Miss Dorothy Bridson, Miss Cecilia Gates, and Miss May Mukle, make it almost unnecessary to give a further account of the quartet, except to say that the *ensemble* was perfect. Miss De Forest Anderson, who is one of our foremost flautists, joined them in J. S. Bach's Suite for flute and strings, and Miss Mathilde Verne played the pianoforte part of Dvorak's Quintet for pianoforte and strings. The Slavonic element in music is not easily grasped by British performers and audiences, but the interpretation given made everything clear.

BYSTANDER.

PARIS Week by Week.

The Man of the Moment

M. Paul Adam is the man of the moment. Not a day passes but one or other of the morning papers brings an article on the author or his work, following the first performance of *Les Mouettes* at the Comédie Française. We have had M. Adam as novelist; M. Adam as the creator of a type of business man; M. Adam's business man compared to M. Mirbeau's Lechat in *Les Affaires sont les Affaires;* M. Adam in every possible subject for a journalist's articles; and we begin to wonder why there has been more movement around *Les Mouettes* than around other plays of, perhaps, more literary and dramatic value. *Les Mouettes* — Seagulls — is not a pleasant play, the characters are unsympathetic and exceptional, unique let us hope, and, in consequence, do not impress us with the stamp of truth. Who can picture a paying guest — a rich woman — making violent love to her host, and proposing in the most every-day, bread-and-butter fashion to the man's wife that she should take her place? "Your husband requires good food and plenty of money to improve his health and aid his medical researches. I can give them to him. Divorce him, and he shall marry me, and not only save himself, but thousands of existences." This is the theme of the three acts. And the saintly wife agrees to the strange proposition, and the husband is beside himself with joy; and he would have left the heroic little woman on the *triste* shores of Brittany to follow his lady-love to Paris (for purer air?), and the play would have ended there. But the manager of the Comédie Française, no doubt, thought that the public should leave the theatre with a happier impression, and the last scene was added, where the husband repents and remains with his wife. Then, why was the play written? To air a problem that should have been left in the state of nightmare? Unsatisfactory, M. Adam! Unsatisfactory!

* * * *

Prince as Music-Hall Conductor

The family de Broglie (pronounced de Breuil) are up in arms against Français-Marie-Constant-Amédée-Robert, Prince de Broglie, heir to the famous Château at Chaumont, and to the estates and fortune of his respected father. The young Prince, barely past his majority, showed an independent spirit when he married the Baroness Deslandes, the divorced wife of Count Fleury, a woman many years his senior. The marriage

The Latest Parisian Playwright: M. Adam, author of a new play, "Les Mouettes," and his wife

The man of the moment just now in Paris is M. Adam, whose play, *Les Mouettes*, at the Comédie Française, has provoked a great deal of comment. His wife is the sister of Mme. Muhlfeld and Mme. Cappielo, whose husband is the celebrated caricaturist

was solemnised in Italy, but the newly wedded couple could not agree, and the Prince returned to the bosom of his family; a divorce was granted, and the prodigal son forgiven. But once more Prince Robert has transgressed in his father's eyes. Once more his ardent nature has been inflamed by a *divorcée*, and he has fled with an American, Mrs. Estelle Alexander, the ex-wife of a well-known American millionaire. In New York the Prince and Princess de Broglie are living in the most modest of apartments with their two-year-old daughter, the Prince conducting the orchestra at a music-hall, the Princess treading the boards. This state of affairs has incensed the head of the ancestral family of de Broglie (there were de Broglies of note in the seventeenth century — Field Marshals and Princes), and every attempt is being made to separate the couple. Although the Prince and Princess are married by American and French law, the irate father hopes to have the marriage annulled, as there are certain formalities that have been neglected. But from all I hear of Prince Robert, there is little chance of his admitting parental authority, and separation from his wife and child. He is a fair, rather effeminate looking youth, full of nervous energy. It is rumoured that a theatrical manager has offered the Prince and his wife a large sum to appear on a Paris stage, but it is doubtful that the offer will be accepted.

* * *

Mrs. Webb, née La Belle Otero

Marriages and divorce seem to be the engrossing themes this week. The de Broglies! The Castellanes! Mme. Simone Le Bargy! And now comes the news of the marriage of Otero with an Englishman. Otero the dancer, the bejewelled Spaniard who has been before the French public for years, decides to wed Mr. Webb, a cotton spinner. We live in a curious world! Mrs. Webb as a housekeeper, in London or the English provinces, will be a study for psychologists. Otero receiving Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, Otero living the English life, will be an experience for all who may be concerned in it. It will be a change, says Otero, and, woman-like, she is not averse to changes. She is a beautiful woman, and beauty all over the world has its charm, like music. Orpheus with his lute had a more difficult task than Otero with her beauty. She will conquer, not only Mmes. Jones and Smith, but the whole family, cousins and aunts, if she cares to take the trouble.

* * *

A Threatened Piano Tax

In this prosaic age, it is quite gratifying to know that we may look forward to a struggle, compared to which Theseus's fight with the Minotaur was child's play. The monster, which our lawgivers intend to attack, is much more formidable, not so much on account of its long row of teeth as because it is ubiquitous. Its name is "piano"; and our Minister of Finance seriously thinks of proposing a tax on those instruments not used in a professional capacity—and they, of course, form the majority. There are in France about 500,000 pianos; and a tax of, say, ten shillings would bring in the respectable sum of £250,000. It is very tempting to a Minister who struggles with an annual deficit.

Photo **Mme. Calvé** *Dupont*

The famous opera singer, whose forthcoming marriage to a wealthy American musician and connoisseur, who has recently had the misfortune of losing his eyesight, has just been announced

* * *

Paris and the King of Greece

To say that the King of Greece was again at Paris would be equivalent to announcing the fact that there are coals in Newcastle or that Queen Anne was dead. It would be more to the purpose to draw attention to the time when King George is not at Paris, for he spends the greater part of his year here. Sometimes he remembers he has a little kingdom somewhere in Europe; then his conscience pricks him, he tears himself away from his dear *boulevards*, takes a peep at affairs of State, and returns to Paris as soon as possible. His visits are so frequent that they now pass almost unnoticed, and had it not been that he had been honoured by an invitation to dinner with the President of the Republic, we should hardly have known that he was at Paris. He stops generally at the Hotel Bristol, but not always, and after paying a few official calls, he is free to follow the dictates of his fancy. Who is to suppose that the tall, erect, well groomed foreigner one sees walking about the *boulevard*, to all purposes making the best of life, is the King of Greece? His Majesty has the reputation of liking everything that is beautiful, but whether flowers claim first place in his affection, as has been stated, is more than doubtful. After all, there are far more luxuriant flowers in Athens.

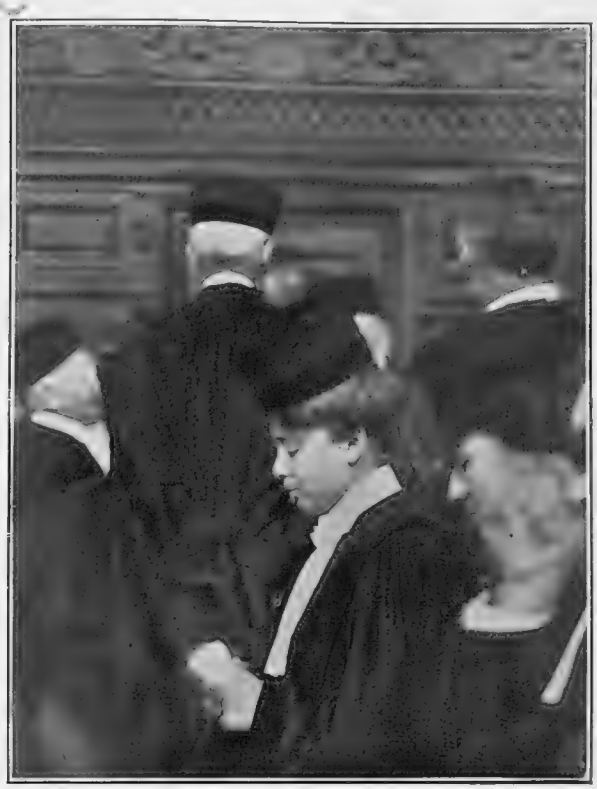
* * *

Cab-drivers, Male and Female

Decidedly the "lady-cabman" in Paris is becoming the fashion; and one cannot wonder at it. The reproach levelled at women that they are attempting work so much better performed by men, does not hold good where the Paris cab-driver is concerned. Anything more unskilled than the Paris Jehu cannot be imagined; and any woman or child can handle the reins quite as well, if not better. And it is no doubt this fact that encourages women to don the thick coat, place a glazed hat on their heads, and mount the box. The world would be startled if it knew the heterogenous elements that constitute the corporation of cabmen. We find there cashiered officers, bankrupt merchants, ex-doctors, broken-down actors, but few, very few men really able to drive.

Woman's Sphere in Paris

THE ADVENT OF TWO MORE LADY ADVOCATES AND A FEMALE CAB-DRIVER



Photos] TWO MORE PORTIAS FOR PARIS *[Topical Agency*

Mlle. Mille leaving the Courts **Mme. Benezech after taking the oath**

Paris now possesses four women advocates, the latest comers being Mlle. Mille and Mme. Benezech, who have recently taken their oaths. Mme. Benezech, who is of Russian origin, gives her special attention to the cases of women and orphans

Lady Cab-driver in Paris: Mme. Clementine Dufaut as a regulation "cocher"

The different grades of society and professions from which the Paris "Jehu" is drawn is varied and startling enough, but it is something new for a woman to undertake this hard mode of earning a livelihood

Only Since Yesterday

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

The house was really absurdly full. It was practically impossible to find an empty room. They had now reached the last corridor where hope might legitimately continue to spring. There were three doors in it, and the Infant opened one and glanced hastily round. She shut it with a sigh, and held up three fingers.

The Youngster frowned and opened another door. Two fingers. They looked at each other tragically. If the third room was not empty, there was nothing for it but the garden, and the garden was really abominably cold still.

It was the Infant who turned the handle softly and peeped in.

"Well?" urged the Youngster eagerly, when she had shut it again.

Modified hope shone in the Infant's eyes. "Only Claudia" she whispered. "She's reading and eating chocolates."

"Perhaps she's waiting for someone" suggested the Youngster doubtfully.

The Infant raised her eyebrows. "Claudia? I shouldn't think so."

"Why not?"

The Infant fidgeted "Well, she's quite old, you know."

The Youngster considered. "She's sort of good looking," he allowed generously.

"Really?" said the Infant frigidly.

"But, of course," he hastened to add, "she *is* old How old, do you think?"

The Infant shrugged her shoulders indifferently "Oh—don't know; thirty, I should think."

The Youngster nodded. "Yes, shouldn't wonder." There was a sort of pity in his voice, as though to be thirty was an elementary kind of sin that all could avoid.

They looked at each other for an instant.

"You darling!" said the Youngster rapturously, of a sudden.

"Don't!" urged the agonised Infant, glancing round nervously. "Not out here—dearest."

They looked at the closed door dubiously.

"Very likely," suggested the Youngster, "she was in lo——, she was like us once. Don't you think?"

The Infant took his meaning. "You think she'll go when she sees we want to—to be alone?"

"'M. Don't you?"

"I daresay she might. Let's try."

They went in, pausing doubtfully on the threshold. Claudia looked up, with a chocolate half-way to her mouth.

"Oh, come in," she said, waving it hospitably towards them. "Have one?"

The Infant and the Youngster helped themselves. Claudia surveyed them gravely. "By the way, bless you, my children," she observed. "It happened yesterday, didn't it?"

They blushed with equal intensity.

"Well, well," she said indulgently, "don't take any notice of me. I'm reading, you know."

This was not precisely satisfactory, though Claudia seemed to consider it so. The Youngster picked up a magazine and forlornly turned the pages. The Infant looked over his shoulder.

Presently Claudia yawned, and closed her book with a bang. They looked up hopefully.

"Fearful rubbish," she explained, clasping her hands behind her head. "Love-making unrelieved from Chapter I. to the end. As if there were nothing in the world but love! Oh, of course, I forgot; apologies, my dears."

This was insufferable. They stared coldly at Claudia, but her eyes were on the clock—surely a promising sign. They warned each other with a look not to abandon hope too soon.

Suddenly the door opened again, and the Barrister strolled in. He nodded amiably.

"Congratulations," he observed. "But you're much too young, you know."

They vouchsafed no reply, but their eyes met in complete understanding. The Barrister was certainly well over thirty, and his obvious jealousy, though contemptible, was natural.

They watched him sit down at the writing-table and take up an envelope. He addressed it, blotted it, and laid it by his side. He did the same with another, and yet another. When nine lay in a row beside him the Infant gasped.

The Barrister looked up absently, and saw the direction of her glance. He laughed.

"Ah," he explained, "you're wondering why I address all my envelopes first; it's just a habit, I suppose." He swept them into a heap and took out some paper. "Lucky people," he sighed, "with nothing to do. I've got my afternoon's work cut out, haven't I?"

"Ye-es," agreed the Infant, mechanically. She was touching the Youngster's foot as an indication that further delay was useless.

They rose. Claudia looked surprised.

"Going?" she asked.

"Yes; the—the sun's shining so gloriously, isn't it?" said the Youngster.

"Gloriously," agreed Claudia. "A perfect day to be out."

"Very bracing air," added the Barrister gravely, turning a page.

Outside the door the Infant succumbed to her feelings. "I *hate* middle-aged people," she declared, so loudly that her words were audible in the room.

The Barrister and Claudia laughed silently.

"Poor children," said Claudia compassionately. "It was too bad. I'm really rather ashamed of myself. After all, they've only had since yesterday."

He crossed the room, and threw the nine envelopes into the fire. Then he sat down in the easy chair at her side. "So have we," he argued softly.

Better than Bouquets?

A HINT FOR CHRISTMASTIDE CONCERT-GOERS

Instead of showing our appreciation of a successful singer on a concert stage by hurling at her more or less useless bouquets of flowers, would not ardent admirers serve their purpose—and hers—better if they threw at her feet such useful articles as boxes of chocolates, meat-pies, cakes, fruit, poultry, and the humble but toothsome sausage?

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

The Proprietors of the DAILY GRAPHIC *and* GRAPHIC *offer the sum of One Thousand Pounds to the inventor who first produces a machine which,*

SHALL WE

AND IF WE SHALL, SHA
MEANS OF THE AEROPLA
TION WHICH M. SANTOS
ABOVE ALL OTHERS FOR
OF THE A

The Bleriot Aeroplane at Bagatelle: Why didn't it fly?

The pretty-looking contrivance of MM. Bleriot and Voisin, which the inventors did not succeed in raising at the recent contest for the French Aero Club's Trophy. It consists of two wings, the one wholly rectangular, the other rounded into an oval shape

Photos

M. Santos-Dumont on the bridge of the triumphant "Bird of Prey"

M. Santos-Dumont's Aeroplane "Bird o

The Brazilian inventor's aeroplane won the Aero Club's Bagatelle Trials, 225 yards in 21 secs., and thus pro the world

FLY SOON?

being heavier than air, shall fly, with one or more human passengers, between two given points, not less than one mile apart.

WE FLY BY
THE INVEN-
MONT BACKS
E CONQUEST

M. Ader's 1897 Aeroplane: Did it ever fly?

Consisting of two rigid silken wings and propelled by two propellers, each with a fan of four wings, M. Ader's aeroplane was tested at a trial under the French military authorities in 1897. Owing to "official reticence," however, it is not known whether or not it ever raised itself from the ground, though M. Ader himself claimed that it did. However, it cost 650,000 francs to build, and looked most beautiful

Topical Agency

Shall We Fly Soon?

MOST people are now convinced that M. Santos-Dumont has, at last, hit off the solution of the eternal problem, "Shall We Fly?" and that the only question now is, "Shall We Fly Soon?" M. Dumont, himself, has flown 225 yards, and has announced his competency to fly further—the sequel of which we await with keen appetites. It is as well to note that the success of the aeroplane has nothing whatever to do with ballooning, or with air-shipping. These contrivances seek to navigate the air by means of gas-bags, and their devotees are thorough sportsmen, who take acute pleasure in being wafted up and down the air by means of varying currents. May they continue to waft, and to enjoy themselves, and to benefit aerial science. The success of the aeroplane, however, is a matter of utilitarian interest. If it be made thoroughly efficient, every prosperous citizen will keep one in his back-yard, for it will not be a question of going for a cloud sail, but of actually getting from one place to another. You will, after breakfast, put on your hat and coat and boots, bid adieu to your wife, and just aeroplane yourself from your house to your office, rising, in order to make a move, only just as high into the air as is needful to enable you to escape barking your shins against church steeples, smashing people's bedroom windows, and knocking down their flower pots. The only danger will be that of losing your balance, and coming suddenly down; but as a man already is liable to do that when motoring, cycling, or walking, it is difficult to see why aeroplaning will be more dangerous than motoring any day in November, or than walking—after dinner—any night in any month of the year.

The Bleriot Hydroplane: Can it both fly and float?

An invention which is designed not only to navigate the air like a bird, but to plough the waters like a fish. Note the two floats underneath—a handy contrivance for Channel and North Sea aeroplanists

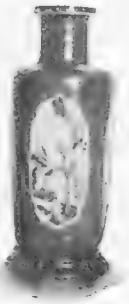
rey," which actually did fly

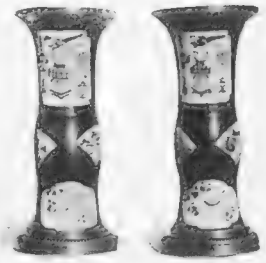
Prize of £100 for having flown, at the laimed the "victory of the air" to all

The Connoisseur

Old Nankin

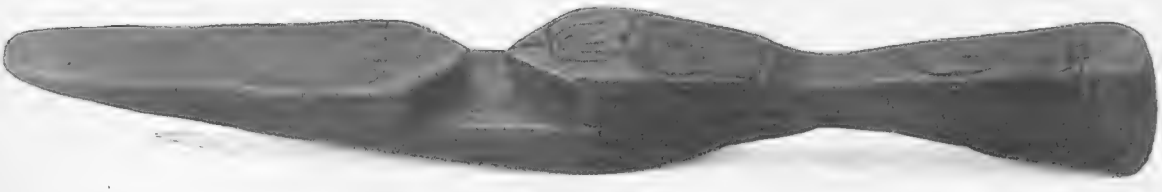
The once mysterious porcelains of the East are perfectly understood to-day, but, although often cleverly copied, are never entirely reproduced. Since the far-off times, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile were forced by bad weather into Weymouth, and presented Sir Thomas Trenchard with some of the earliest pieces seen in this country, the connoisseur of all times has sought to collect examples of the Celestial ware. In our day, one of the most successful purchasers of "Blue and White," mainly of the famous Kang-he period, 1661-1722, when the Chinese were making very beautiful pieces for European patrons, was Sir William Bennett, whose cabinets have recently passed into the possession of Messrs. Dickinson, of 108, Wigmore Street, in whose galleries some hundreds of these exquisite pieces have been shown since the Spring. Such a display of completed sets has seldom been seen in Town, and forms, as it stands, a liberal education in one of the most beautiful and distinguished departments of ceramic things that the world has ever produced. Apart from the market value of the objects themselves — and, now that almost every piece of importance is known, this is a continually rising value —no other china is quite so highly decorative as the "blue and white" at its best period. The late master, Mr. Whistler, had perhaps learnt this from those other masters in a different school, Burne-Jones and Rossetti, for all these artists, and many others, valued and collected Old Nankin in the darkest Victorian era, when decoration was at its lowest, and the arts of the East at a discount. But what Whistler made so fashionable once more has come to stay now, and almost all examples are garnered in—to some collection, such as that of Sir William Bennett, or another equally interesting one, that of Mr. Horace Smith, which is now being shown side by side with it. This latter does for the coloured porcelain of the Celestial Empire what the former does for the, at one time, more fashionable "blue." At the present day there is little to choose between them in popularity. Provided the examples are genuine, beautiful, and in perfect condition, the buyers are to be found on all sides. For old Chinese porcelain, which was the taste of the town when Pope satirised us, and Hogarth belaboured the vanities of life, has renewed its vogue during the last thirty years, as its beauty and decorative quality deserve. Among other many beautiful things, Mr. Smith has been particularly fortunate in bringing together some twenty-five examples of the finest "Powdered Blue" in Europe. Bottles, ewers, beakers, plates, outvie one another in beauty and brilliancy until the collector envies each individual piece. But all coloured varieties of Old Nankin are represented in this fine series of cabinets, which we understand Messrs. Dickinson are now distributing. As one looks round once more on the charming examples of *famille rose*, of early *Ming*, of sophisticated *Kang-he*, one is inclined to repeat the misquotation someone made from Omar Khayyām, and say: "I often wonder what the dealers buy, one half so precious as the goods they sell." E. M.





Some specimens of Old Nankin ware

From Mr. Horace Smith's collections, now to be seen at Messrs. Dickinson's, Wigmore Street



An old-time knitting instrument

This curiously shaped and adorned instrument was found in an old bedstead in Norfolk, and bears the date "1716." The blade used to be inserted in the belt, and the upper end, which is bored with holes, was used as a rest for the large needles

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 51

"EN PASSANT"

By ALEC HOLMES

HE lounged along the seat of a first-class compartment in a train from Bombay to the North, very much bored with himself, with the long Indian day, the dusty, interminable journey—in fact, with life altogether. He had just come out to the East to rejoin his regiment after six months' leave at home, and his soul was filled with the disgust that fills the souls of most men who have thoroughly enjoyed themselves on English shores, and who are obeying the mandates of duty rather than of pleasure in confronting existence in India once more.

A monotonous expanse of landscape spread out before him as the train jolted on its way. A dead level plain, dotted sparsely with trees, prolonged itself into a horizon yellow with heat and dust; above glowed the pitiless Indian sky, pale in the sun's rays, unclouded, awful in its supremeness. Occasionally, a mud village was passed, or a solitary railway station stood out by itself, an oasis in the surrounding emptiness. It was a terribly dreary journey. He had exhausted all the literature with which he had provided himself on leaving Bombay. There was no fellow-traveller with whom he could play cards. In the worst of bad tempers he realised that the train was pulling up, and raising himself on his elbow, he scanned the name of the railway station—"Jullundur." Before he could reach his destination in the far North, he had a weary afternoon and night yet before him. He flung up the sash of one of the windows and put out his head. The air was heavy with sun and dust even in the coolness of the station; sweetmeat sellers passed him by with weird cries; a water-carrier offered him water out of a filthy leather water-bottle. He took no trouble to reply. Lazily watching the crowd of natives push and struggle amongst each other for places in the train, he was suddenly startled to find himself accosted.

"I beg your pardon," said a lady's voice, clear and sweet. "I am afraid I shall be disturbing you——but——the ladies' carriage is full."

He sprang to his feet instantly, and opened the carriage-door. "I shall be delighted," he said, vaguely. Stepping out, he looked round for her luggage and servants. She had none. He wondered rather, that she should be travelling thus alone. Her sole belongings appeared to be a hand-kodak, a small tea-basket, and a white umbrella. He wondered still more, as taking her seat, she unfastened the blue gauze veil she was wearing and laid it aside.

"It is so hot," she explained, smiling at him in a perfectly frank and friendly way.

He realised at once that she was pretty. Before the train had left Jullundur very far behind them, he decided that she was very pretty indeed. He was very critical of women, as a rule, and not much given to their society. But this one defied criticism, and he found himself hoping very much that she would talk to him. He began carefully to stow away the luggage that littered the seats.

"I must apologise for taking up so much room," he said. "One gets selfish travelling alone."

She glanced at her modest tea-basket, and laughed.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I did not expect to find anyone travelling by this train. It is not, I understand, the fastest mail from Bombay."

"No," he said, truthfully, "it is not. The fast train passed through here this morning. It is what they call a second-rate mail. I should not have come by it—only——" he paused.

She had been studying the name on his things carefully. It stood out in clean white letters on one or two of the packages, "Captain W. G. Ferrier, —— Dragoon Guards"; on others it was old and erased. A gleam of intelligence leapt into her eyes; she looked at him with renewed interest.

"You did not travel by the mail—because——?" she asked politely.

He looked a little awkward.

"Well, as a matter of fact, it's rather a selfish reason," he said. "An old friend of mine asked me to escort his wife up country for him. She had just arrived in Bombay by P. and O., and I had just come out by Messagerie. He is on the Staff and very busy, so he couldn't get away. I said I would, and then, at the last minute, you see, I—I funked it. So I let her go by the mail, and I am sneaking up by this train instead."

A little smile dimpled at either corner of her mouth.

"Did you think it would be so very terrifying?" she inquired.

"Well, I—I thought—she might be hysterical or—or—something. Women are so odd sometimes, don't you know?"

Her smile deepened.

"And why should she be hysterical?"

"Because circumstances have been so unusual with them," he explained, feeling that now he had said so much he had better go on. "They had only been married a week, when Tom Frith—that's my friend, you know"—she nodded, and he thought she grew a little red—"went to the South African War. Of course, that meant an awful rough time for her. From Africa he was sent straight off here, to a very good appointment, which he couldn't refuse, so he telegraphed to her to join him, and she arrived in India three days ago."

To his surprise, her eyes filled with tears. "Poor things! Poor things!" she murmured. "How glad they will be to see each other again!"

"Yes, that's what I felt, don't you know," he remarked apologetically. "And so I thought I'd better keep clear out of the way altogether."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

She shot him a glance, half reproachful, half amused. "I understand," she said, "and I think, in a way, you understood too."

There was silence for a little while after that. He was thinking to himself that Tom was decidedly to be envied if his wife in any degree resembled the lady now sitting opposite to him. Matrimony had hitherto had no attractions for him, but all of a sudden he felt lonely and out in the cold. It must be nice to be everything in the world to just one woman, particularly if she had rich chestnut hair and eyes blue as the sea — and a complexion—words failed him when he came to the complexion, and he glanced down at her hands. She had taken off her gloves, and as she sat looking out of the window, he had plenty of time to study them. They were very white, and small, and well-shaped, rather artistic he thought. He noticed they were ringless, and felt relieved—he could not tell why. He only knew that it would have given him an unpleasant shock if he had observed a wedding or even an engagement-ring there. From her hands his eyes wandered to the initials on her kodak-case—"K. A. D." He was still studying them attentively when she looked round.

"You are wondering what they are," she said, following his gaze. "I will tell you." She laughed outright. "They stand for Katherine Annie Deacon —not very high-flown, I'm afraid."

He assured her Katherine was his favourite name, and meanwhile he puzzled himself to think who she could be. "Deacon—Deacon." He did not know anyone of that name in these parts; but, doubtless, that was attributable to his own ignorance.

"Is this your first visit to India?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered gaily. "My very first. I'm bound for Lahore, and I call it—oh, most wonderfully exciting!"

"You call this exciting?" He waved his hand in disgust at the yellow expanse of dusty nothingness rolled out before them.

"Yes, yes, all of it; and then think of the stations," she cried enthusiastically. "The sights and the sounds, the colours, the picturesqueness of the natives—their funny cries. Oh, it's all delightful. It was so delightful that I missed my train this morning."

"Really?" He was interested at once. "How did you manage that?"

She patted the kodak affectionately. "It was all owing to this little machine," she said. "While they were refilling my tea-basket in the waiting-room, I wandered outside the station to take some photographs. We had half an hour to spare, but somehow it was all so interesting and picturesque that I stayed longer than I ought to have done. I photographed group after group of natives squatting on the ground in front of their bullocks with their funny humps, you know, and then the little carts with their jingling bells, and an old native temple"—she was growing warmly enthusiastic. "It was all so wonderful I just went on and on, and when I got back to the station the train had gone with all my things and my servant."

She looked serious now. The blue eyes shaded with an expression he could not quite fathom—they became wistful, regretful.

"It was a lucky chance for me," he said gently.

In an instant her eyes flashed into fun again.

"I thought you didn't like doing escort to a lady," she cried.

"There are ladies and ladies," he said evasively.

"Then you have no objection to me?"

"Objection? Indeed not!"

"And we're quite friends?"

"Quite."

She clapped her hands. "Then we'll make tea," she said.

From anyone else such a suggestion would have appalled him. It meant trouble. It meant boiling water, washing cups, cutting bread-and-butter—good heavens, what did it not mean? But since she ordained, he sprang eagerly to obey. "What shall I do?" he asked, picking up the tea-basket as though it were an explosive, and eyeing it cautiously. "Does it unfasten?"

She took it from him with superb scorn.

"Sit down," she commanded, "and do just exactly as you're told—I can see that you will probably be quite useless."

He endeavoured to retrieve his character with such energy that he astonished himself. He supported a kettle that would not boil over a spirit-lamp that would not burn. He spread his fingers with jam instead of the bread (there was no butter), and got a scolding for doing so. And when he had martyred himself completely by drinking some of the concoction presently poured out as tea, he deliberately set to work to wash out the cups.

"There," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I could not have done more even for Tom's wife."

She leaned back on her seat, and laughed softly to herself. "Are you sure you would have done as much?" she asked.

He wiped his hands on a towel produced for the purpose, and looked grave.

"I am almost inclined to doubt it," he said; "but not knowing her, I can't say."

The evening was wearing on apace. The sun, a great red ball, dipped and quivered on the horizon. Purple shadows reached right across the land, enveloping the smoky, dusty villages. One by one the stars came out, twinkling indecisively at first, but gradually growing courageous, and scintillating magnificently in an ever-deepening sky. He asked permission to smoke, and received it. She watched him critically as he lit a cigar. He was good-looking; a thoroughly nice face, she thought; kind, too—perhaps a little spoilt. He looked up and met her eyes, and she blushed and turned away. They were both of them a little glad when the train pulled up at Amritsar, that city of beggars and temples.

"I feel sorry for him. He is so nice, but he looks a little sad," she thought.

"I shall be hopelessly in love with her in another five minutes," he thought, "and yet in another hour we must part!"

At Amritsar they separated for a time. She insisted on getting out and investigating the novelties of the platform. He hung round the carriage, possessed with a morbid fear that someone else would get in and spoil their remaining *tête-à-tête*. No one did get in, however, and in due course they were speeding on again, in darkness this time, solaced by the feeble light of a smelling oil-lamp.

(*Continued on page 448*)

Preparing for Christmas Pantomimes

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Phyllis Dare and Miss Zena Dare, now rehearsing for Christmas productions in the Provinces

Last week, Miss Phyllis Dare had to relinquish the title-rôle of *The Belle of Mayfair*, which she has been playing so successfully, to rehearse for the pantomine *Cinderella* at Edinburgh; while Miss Zena Dare will play Peter Pan at the Royal, Manchester

(*Continued from page 446*)

Her mood, meanwhile, had changed. She was restless, excitable.

"We shall be at Lahore in an hour, shall we not?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and added humbly enough, "I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"Oh, no doubt," she answered, carelessly. "That is—we are quite, quite sure to meet again."

He felt certain that she had scarcely understood how important the matter was to him. He felt he must bring it home to her more urgently.

"I am sure to find myself in your direction some time or another," he said, speaking very earnestly, and endeavouring to appear indifferent. "It would give me great pleasure to call upon your father."

She seemed surprised, even startled for a minute; then she said demurely: "I am sure my father would be very pleased to see you."

He had hoped for something more than this; for an address, an indication of where and how he might find her again. Truly she was a most puzzling if a very bewitching young lady. He was not accustomed to have his advances treated with such distinct coldness, and he felt piqued, annoyed. She might at least show some regret at the prospect of parting with him so soon. Had he not arranged his cushions and rugs for her, burnt his fingers over her tea-kettle, and smeared himself with jam? But she showed no regret. On the contrary, she evinced the most inexplicable anxiety to be done with the journey. She shifted her seat almost every minute; now looking out of the window, now settling herself in a corner, now consulting her watch.

"Surely the time is going fast enough to suit even your impatience," he remarked bitterly.

"It's the very longest hour I've ever spent," she cried irritably, and after that he relapsed in moody silence. He was distinctly hurt.

Presently, the fickleness of her humour changed again. Clasping her hands over her knee, she leaned forward and dashed into random conversation. She talked so fast and so excitedly, he could hardly follow her. She wanted to know all about India, all about Lahore, all about military life. "There's nothing in the world like the Army," she cried. "Nothing half so grand, so inspiring. I love soldiers. I love them."

This soothed him a little. He liked to watch her as she talked; her eyes sparkling, the colour deepening in her cheeks; but just as he felt encouraged to speak a little of himself, to urge his own merits as a soldier, to impress upon her the necessity of a future speedy meeting, she pulled out that insulting watch once more.

"Why, there are only twenty minutes left," she cried. "Only twenty minutes! Twenty minutes!"

She jumped to her feet and began walking up and down, utterly forgetful of his presence. The carriage bumped and swayed in the most approved Oriental fashion, but still she walked, clutching on to an upper berth to support herself. He was too surprised to expostulate, when suddenly, the carriage lilting round a curve, she was flung violently on to the corner opposite to him. Instantly, without the least explanation, she dropped her face in her hands and sobbed.

"I c-c-c-an't help it," she exclaimed through her tears, "I—I—c-c-c-c-can't help it!" and wept more profusely than ever.

He felt extremely awkward. Women's tears were an utterly unknown quantity to him. He did not know whether to console her or to let her alone; whether he should fetch out his brandy-flask, or douche her with cold water. A halt at a dimly lighted platform gave him an opportunity for speech.

"This is Mian-Mir," he said, in a voice he tried hard to make indifferent. "The next station will be Lahore." At that she uncovered her face and ceased her tears.

"Oh, I'd quite forgotten!" she cried, in great excitement, and produced, along with her handkerchief, a tiny bag fastened to a long gold chain which had been suspended round her neck. She dried her eyes, and was about to open the bag, when she recollected his presence. Pulling herself up with great dignity, she shot a suspicious glance in his direction. "Never you dare to say that I was hysterical," she remarked severely. "Mind that! Never you dare to say it!"

He had had no intention of saying it, and was about to assure her of that when he stopped short, petrified at the sight of her latest freak.

"My rings," she remarked, nodding at him as she pulled three rings out of the little bag and placed them on her right hand. They consisted of a half-hoop of diamonds, an old-fashioned ruby and pearl, and a red enamel heart.

"Did you think you would be robbed?" he asked smiling.

She looked very serious. "They told me never to wear jewellery travelling in India—and so I hid them away. And when I found I was left all alone to-day I got frightened and I hid—even this one."

Her voice was very solemn, very reverent, as she took out a plain gold wedding-ring and slipped it on to the third finger of the left hand. . . .

Lahore station, huge, lofty, imposing, and brilliantly lighted, burst suddenly upon them. A man on the platform, who had been peering into each carriage as it rattled by him with strained eyes, suddenly waved his hand, and ran down beside the train. And then it was that she did the maddest thing of all. She rushed to the carriage-door and tore it open, hanging half out it, regardless of consequences.

"Tom!" she cried. "Tom!" . . .

And when at last the train clanked heavily to a standstill, Captain Ferrier found his luggage required a great deal of adjusting, and was employed for quite five minutes in fastening and unfastening refractory straps. He was torn away at length to pursue his journey through the night, leaving a beaming couple behind him on the platform, but not before he had promised to visit them as soon as possible.

"Tom's a lucky chap," he thought to himself, as he stared moodily at her vacant place. "I wonder whether she's got a sister?"

. . . . . .

At luncheon the next day Mrs. Frith was very pensive.

"Tom" she said, at length, "I think I must have Florence out to stay."

Florence was her twin-sister, and accounted every bit as pretty, if not prettier, than Mrs. Frith herself. Tom, who could deny her nothing, assented cordially.

And sister Florence came. ALEC HOLMES.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (TWELFTH SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii)

On the summit of a mountain in Greece

Sent by Mr. E. J. SHELLY, H.M.S. *Implacable*, Mediterranean Squadron. He writes: "This was taken on a Sunday afternoon on the top of the Velontzy Mountain (4,890 ft.) behind Astoko, Greece, and shows a party of Naval officers who have just accomplished the steep and difficult climb"

In the land of "The White Man's Grave"

Capt. D. S. SKELTON, Freetown, Sierra Leone, says: "You will see your excellent paper—in duplicate—at the Military Club, Freetown, Sierra Leone. You may be surprised to see the attendant 'boy' is armed with a tea-pot, etc., and not with a 'swizzel-stick' for cocktails"

In the Malay States

Mr. F. D. REES, Kuala, Lampur, Federated Malay States, writes: "This was taken in Kuala, Lampur, the Federal capital of the Malay States. The Chinese aversion to being 'taken' was happily overcome, and our learned friend, a Chinese rickshaw puller, is seen studying the contents of the paper, which to him is a 'Chinese puzzle'"

In Cyprus

Mr. E. M. W. WILLIAMS, Limasol, Cyprus, writes: "These are three young Colonials reading THE BYSTANDER. We prefer THE BYSTANDER to any other paper we get out here, and a good many others can say the same, as there is generally a skirmish for it when it arrives"

In Portugal

Sent by Miss E. M. CHISHOLME, Paco do Monsal, Regoa, Portugal, who writes: "This was taken in one of the best-known wine-producing 'quintas' of Doura at vintage time, and a man with a basket of grapes on his shoulders can be seen approaching. The Portuguese friends here look forward to THE BYSTANDER as eagerly as the English exile, for most of them are excellent linguists"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

An Improvement in Sport

So far, hunting people have had no reason to be displeased with the luck of the season. True, there have been too many rainy days for real perfection; but it would be absurd to grumble on that account, seeing that only about a month ago everyone was complaining of the hard ground and the lack of moisture. What is of chief importance is that hounds have been able to show tip-top sport. Scent has been in their favour after rather an unpromising start, and already some big runs have been recorded. With the ground on the soft side, and hunters not yet in cherry-ripe condition, hounds have often been able to get away from the field. Empty saddles, too, have been more than usually numerous when the pace has been good. A mishap, not without its humorous side, occurred the other day with Sir Robert Wilmot's Staghounds. A well-known follower of the pack galloped at top speed into a very sponge-like patch on Hazeley Heath. The quagmire resembled the softest of Irish bogs, and the luckless

Photo *Hall*

With Sir John Amory's Hounds

Nimrod went head first into the black, juicy slime, nor could he extricate himself without assistance. By this time his appearance was—well, his best friends would not have recognised him.

Photo *Reid*

The rose garden, Warwick Castle

One of the prettiest rose gardens in the country, and which is in flower late in the year owing to the number of late blooming hybrid tea roses present

Fox-hunting at the Empire

The biograph man is everywhere nowadays, even in the hunting-field. What is more, he has gained such success here as had scarcely seemed possible. I went to the Empire the other evening, mainly attracted by the announcement of "special and exclusive pictures of fox-hunting—a day with a well-known pack, taken at the opening meet." What I expected was a few moving views of the meet and the kennels, and maybe a glimpse of the field at the start of a gallop. What I actually did see were all the most interesting details of a run in a first-class country. How the biograph man happened to be just in the right place when the fox broke covert, or how he managed to be in front of him at a later phase of the gallop, I cannot imagine. But that he was there is evidenced on the screen, and the effect is remarkable. The "view holloa" and "tally-ho!" were loudly cried by excited hunting people in the fauteuils, testifying eloquently to the realism of the thing. It is a most entertaining, exhilarating show, and followers of hounds ought not to miss it.

The Wealthiest and Best-Mounted Hunt

More rich men can be found, I fancy, on the Meynell list of subscribers than in any other Hunt. It has, indeed, been well described as the wealthiest and best-mounted Hunt in the kingdom. In addition to the numerous old county families whose estates are in that part of

Derbyshire and Staffordshire which is hunted over by the pack, there are many supporters who have made fortunes out of the staple product of Burton-on-Trent. The Grettons, the Basses, the Salts, the Worthingtons, the Radcliffs, and the Allsopps are all interested in the Meynell Hounds, whose history dates back to the days of Hugo Meynell, the "Father of Fox-hunting." It was the grandson of that celebrity who founded the pack and country as at present constituted. He held the Mastership for fifty-three years, and built up a pack which still holds it place as one of the finest in the world. The present Master is Mr. Gerald Hardy, who owns the large Foston Hall estate, and is a splendid leader in all respects. Recently he showed the followers of the pack a fine day's sport after they had met at Foston, while hounds also ran well after their fixture at Newborough, as shown in our illustrations.

The Namaqua Partridge

We are indebted to a Kimberley correspondent for the accompanying photograph of a Namaqua partridge shoot. The partridge of that country, I am told, can scarcely be distinguished from the sand-grouse found largely in Egypt. The shoot took place at a spring seven miles out of "Kimly" that was discovered quite accidentally. The bag consisted of 210 birds, shot within two and a half hours, which constitutes a record for those parts. As the birds were not picked up until the flight stopped, a large number were lost. They carry a great quantity of shot, and it is estimated that quite ten per cent. were picked up three hundred yards from the shooting positions. Very fast and strong on the wing, the Namaqua partridge provides an excellent sporting, though expensive, pastime. A. W. C.

Photo *Russell*

A fowl with hair!

A Black "Silkie" Pullet, originated and exhibited for the first time at the Crystal Palace Poultry Show by Mr. T. Roose, where it obtained first prize. The texture of its feathers is so fine that they resemble hair

The Crystal Palace Poultry Show

Nearly ten thousand exhibits were on view at the Crystal Palace Show, ranging from the heavy and stately "Dorking" to the tiny Game Bantam in poultry, and from the majestic "Pouter" to the small and somewhat delicate "African Owl" in pigeons. Challenge cups, special, and prizes there were galore, and the competition in all cases was most keen, and there were many entrants for the valuable prizes. One exhibitor, however, had the distinction of having a class all to himself, viz., Mr. Thos. Roose, of Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, the reason being that there are no other birds of the variety in the hands of anyone else. The breed is one known as the "Silkie" Fowl, and heretofore these have always been white, whereas this gentleman has succeeded in producing them black, not, I understand, by dyeing them, but by breeding them. The "Silkie" is a small bird, rather larger than a bantam, with a tuft of feathers on the top of its head, which

Partridge Shooting in Namaqualand: The bag after two and a half hours' sport

This shoot took place about seven miles out of Kimberley, and a record bag for the district of 210 birds or two and a half hours' sport was made. The Namaqua partridge is very similar to the sand-grouse found largely in Egypt, and is a very speedy bird on the wing

With the Wealthiest Hunt

THE FAMOUS MEYNELL HOUNDS HAVE A GOOD DAY'S SPORT

A Meet at Newborough: Gillson, the huntsman, putting the hounds on the line

The Master of the Meynell Hounds: Mr. Gerald Hardy

The Meynell Hunt: A gallop after the hounds

A numerous field attended the meet of the Meynell Hounds at Newborough recently, and good sport was enjoyed in spite of a deluge of rain

A New Pack and Its Lady "Master"

MRS. BURRELL AND HER NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND FOXHOUNDS

Mrs. Burrell, founder and "Master," of the North Northumberland Foxhounds

C. Murkin, the huntsman of the new pack

Some Prominent Followers of Mrs. Burrell's Hounds: Miss Scott-Kerr, Lord Francis Osborne (the Secretary), and Col. Berryman

Several new packs have been established since the end of last season, and not the least notable is the North Northumberland Foxhounds, of which the founder and "Master" is Mrs. Burrell. They hunt the district around Kelso, Coldstream, and Berwick, that being the Northumberland side of the country formerly covered by the late Sir James Miller. The Hunt Secretary, Lord Francis Osborne, is the brother of the Duke of Leeds

forms a crest somewhat like one sees on canaries. The breed takes its name from the softness of its feathers, which have the appearance of silk, so delicate are they. They are noted for their sitting proclivities, their soft feathers making them most suitable for mothering bantam chickens. We give a photograph of the winner of this somewhat unique class, in which were shown six birds of the breed, all the property of the said exhibitor.

That Monster Salmon

Anglers no doubt will have observed that "a monster Tweed salmon, weighing nearly 80lb., has been found on Spittal beach almost dead from bites inflicted by a seal." Unfortunately, I am afraid this "big salmon" story must be knocked on the head. Its weight grew, snowball fashion, until, by the time it had reached the columns of the newspapers, that salmon had doubled its weight of about 40lb., and become a veritable phenomenon. Of course, nobody has yet met an angler who was guilty of exaggeration; but this "Tweed monster" seems to have aroused somebody's powers of imagination.

GARDEN NOTES

Where the grounds are large a rose-garden is now considered essential. One of the finest in the country is at Warwick Castle. This development is largely due to the introduction of the hybrid teas, for the majority of the older roses flowered only in early summer, and when that short period was over they had nothing but foliage to show. The hybrid perpetuals were supposed to remedy the defect, but, with very few exceptions, they have no claim to be so called. Among the few which do flower in autumn as well as in summer may be mentioned Captain Hayward, Ulrich Brunner, Mrs. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, Mrs. John Laing, and the comparatively new Frau Karl Druschki, undoubtedly the finest white rose in existence and a very strong grower. Still, there can be no question that the roses which come nearest to being perpetual are the hybrid teas. Of the newer hybrids, Irish Elegance is a single, bronze or apricot, with long buds, produced almost continuously throughout the summer and autumn. M. H. Walsh is one of the best of the deep red autumnals. J. B. Clark is a fine scarlet. But the best of the four is Betty, beautiful in form and colour (coppery red, overlaid with yellow), and flowering well until late in the year. The hybrid teas and teas possess a great advantage over other varieties: they can be satisfactorily grown in almost any good garden soil. Clay is not essential for them, if, indeed, it is for any roses. They thrive better in a lighter soil—loam, for example, with which some grit has been mixed—provided only that it is made quite firm. The finest plant I have ever seen had its roots under a gravel path, over which a heavy roller was frequently drawn. Firmness (not heaviness) of soil and plenty of moisture are the two most important points in the cultivation of roses. Given these two things, most plants can take care of themselves. RUSTICUS.

Photo *Exclusive News Agency*

Where taxes are no more! The town of Faleide, Norway, which imposes no taxes on its lucky inhabitants

During the last thirty years the authorities at Faleide have sold over £1,000,000 worth of trees, and, by judicious replanting, have provided for a similar income every thirty years. In consequence of this source of commercial wealth, there are no taxes in Faleide, and local railways and telephones are free, as well as education and drinks—upon the King's birthday!

A Versatile Sportswoman

MISS C. M. FOSTER

By A. WALLIS MYERS

A genius for all field sports is the heritage of the Fosters, that famous Worcestershire family over which the Rev. Henry Foster, the veteran master at Malvern College, presides. The feats of its sons crowd to our memory, and may be found inscribed in every sporting chronicle that was ever published. The records of Malvern College literally overflow with the deeds of the seven brothers Foster on the cricket field, the football arena, the athletic track, and the rackets court. Cricket bats which have scored test match records in Australia, and double centuries in England, football caps that have figured in International engagements with Scotland, golf-clubs and rackets that have served in many an Inter-'Varsity contest—these and many another honoured athletic attribute adorn the Foster home, a treasure house unique in its way.

Miss "Cissie" Foster

The youngest member of the famous Foster family, of Malvern, whose feats crowd the annals of Sport. A cricketer, a tennis and hockey player, she, however, excels in golf

The Youngest Member of "Fostershire"

Reared in such an atmosphere, imbued with the hereditary instinct for outdoor games, it was not surprising that the youngest daughter of the family, Miss "Cissie" Foster, should have developed much of the genius of her brothers. From her earliest days she joined in their games, and she has inherited their straight eye, intense enthusiasm, and physical fitness. There is a story that a local cricket club once challenged the brothers Foster to a match. They accepted the challenge on condition that their "little sister" should be included in the team. The result was that Miss Foster went to the wicket, and, unaided, scored more runs than the total put together by the visiting side, several of whom this talented young lady helped to bowl out. Be this as it may, Miss Foster has frequently bowled good-length balls to her brothers when they sought practice in the field at Malvern. Perfectly at home in the racket court, she would, probably, win the ladies' championship, if one were instituted. Lawn tennis she likes, but does not figure in public tournaments, preferring a private match on a friend's court. Hockey, too, appeals to her quick eye and agile limbs.

A Golf Enthusiast

The game in which the public have had most chance of admiring Miss Foster's prowess is golf. She is one of its most ardent votaries, and unquestionably at the present time one of its most brilliant feminine exponents. Under the able tuition of her brothers, she became initiated barely six years ago, and, serving a very short novitiate, did infinite credit to her instructors at the end of the first year. Steadily her handicap fell; she proved an ideal match-player, and two years ago the International Selection Committee, although having very little personal knowledge of her powers, chose her to represent England against Scotland and Ireland. In both engagements she came off the course with flying colours, and proved that even youth and inexperience are not incompatible with distinction at golf. She appeared again for England this summer. Needless to say, she has many times held the Championship of Worcestershire, and, indeed, won it again just recently; and on her own nine-hole course at Malvern, she is so intimate with its capricious surface that she could probably beat any girl in the kingdom and most men.

Successes to Come

Possessed of a charming personality, a frank and open nature, and an abundance of good humour, the youngest member of "Fostershire" confirms Thackeray's remark that a letter of credit is written on every face. Wearing a pretty Panama, encircled by the M.C.C. riband, her camera slung over her shoulder, Miss Foster was a very familiar and a very pleasing figure on the Barnham Links last May, and it is quite possible that she may win the blue riband of golf herself in the near future. That achievement would afford another source of proud delight to the Rev. Henry Foster.

The LIBRARY.

BY VIVIAN CARTER

A FAMOUS LIVING SCULPTOR'S LIFE

A Contentious Sculptor

The merits of the work of Auguste Rodin concern the book reviewer not at all, even were he competent to express an opinion on the art of sculpture. In the very interesting book just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, *Auguste Rodin*, however, the writer, Mr. Frederick Lawton, is able to enlighten the doubtful on many debated points. Rodin has, of course, set by the ears a generation of sculptors much as Wagner did musicians, Whistler artists, Browning poets, Ibsen dramatists. According to Mr. Lawton, the quarrel between Rodin and the orthodox sculpture of his time is that :—

> The latter restricts subject and pose to certain categories that are considered noble, and judges all others by the norm thus supplied. Rodin, on the other hand, holds that subject and pose are capable of being infinitely varied, and one of his preoccupations is to seek continually a fresh revelation.

Appreciation of this may help many sceptics to follow Rodin in his several peculiarities, may aid us to understand, for instance, what there is in the *Age d'Airain*, that smooth Grecian figure, with shaven face and close-cropped hair, to give one an impression of "Primeval Man" — I had not heard of razors and scissors in the stone age. Those who are disposed to wonder why, oh! why, St. John the Baptist is typified clad, not in sackcloth, but nude, will be reassured on learning that it is only "a plastic rendering of the Voice crying in the Wilderness." Of a statue, again, entitled "The Creation of Man," the tyro may be disposed to ask why Adam should be depicted a writhing hunchback, a "corkscrew aping a man," with hands and feet of fearsome size and neck of monstrous length; he has only to realise that Rodin is a rebel against "smooth and serene sculpture" and all is clear as crystal.

Photo *Moreau*

Auguste Rodin

The celebrated French sculptor, whose life, by Mr. F. Lawton, M.A., has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Unwin from the frontispiece of the work)

Rodin's Unsensational Career

As a biography, Mr. Lawton's work will prove of undoubted value, for it traces the great sculptor's career from his birth in Paris in 1840 right up to his recent visit to London, whose "rich, dark, and ruddy tones" found such favour in his eyes. As a career, M. Rodin's has not been quite up to French standard in sensationalism. He had none of the mad adversity of, say, a Berlioz. He began as a decorator; developed by easy, and even commonplace stages, into a sculptor; and, being original, succeeded, as, indeed, with so few competitors, he must have succeeded. For sculpture, unlike art, literature, and music, is not overrun by thousands. A statue has not to be "submitted" to editors, readers, or examiners —good, bad, or indifferent. Naked and unashamed it *stands*, when executed, and does not lie, dusty and worm-eaten, in cupboard or lumber-room like a manuscript. England, which has rejected a host of artists, writers, and musicians from abroad because she had hosts of her own to honour, could not reject a Rodin, however heterodox; for, like "snakes in Iceland," in our encyclopædia, we practically read: Sculpture (in England). There is no sculpture in England.

The "Carmelite" Mr. Punch

"Ite," as an affix to a word, as a rule, suggests the explosive. Exceptions, of course, there are, and of these is "Carmelite." The word "Carmelite" appearing at the foot of a series of reprints of "Mr. Punch's humour"—"Mr. Punch in Society," "Mr. Punch in the Hunting Field," "Mr. Punch's Scottish Humour," etc. — and indicating that the place of republication is the House so-called, has the reverse of an explosive influence. Rather, in some fashion, does it seem to rob the jokes of any explosive character that might ever have been theirs. In short, "Mr. Punch," issued by "Carmelite House," seems light weight; a pound of his wit, like a tablet of Trust soap, seems appreciably less than the 16 oz. Of course, the jests are the same that tickled us in the dreadful 'eighties—there is the same hunting gentleman wallowing in the same mud; the same embarrassed young man saying the same clumsy thing to the same young suburban "Society" lady; the same dour Scotsman reproving the same

be-checked Southron for the same Sab[illegible]rian breach —but, oh! why is it that I cannot laugh the same laugh as of yore over these "Carmelite" re-issues? I cannot say. Perhaps readers will be good enough to apply the test to themselves by purchasing these attractive-looking volumes (1*s.* net). Whatever be the result, the trial of the cause will be interesting, laugh or no laugh.

Mr. Thurston's Stories

If authors must publish their short stories in book form, I could wish they would do it in so acceptable a fashion as Mr. E. Temple Thurston has lately done. *The Realist* (Sisley's), 1s, alike in price and size, just the ideal volume of reprinted stories. It is a slim volume, containing only five stories, and is published at 2*s.* 6*d.* The stories, furthermore, are uniform in style. One feels that the writer has a wish to give one, in fragmentary form, real emotional studies. There is a certain cynical pessimism in such a story as "The Fixed Type," which tells of a married Society woman, as usual, in love with another man, whose transactions are rudely interrupted by the violent death of her husband. *Does* she, or doesn't she? The story tells. Then "The Test," in which it is proved that, Art and its theories notwithstanding, a certain man cannot do without a certain woman. And, lastly, "The Low Comedian"—a re-telling of the old tragedy of Punchinello—of the "funny man" whose love is unseen even by his own wife, because of the eternity of his clowning, until bloodshed proves its seriousness; practically, the doing into colloquial English of the operatic story of *I Pagliacci*. Mr. Thurston will add to his reputation by this attractive little volume. I note, by the way, that Messrs. Sisley's spurn, in their self-description, the term "publishers." They are, please remember, "makers of beautiful books"!

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. E. Temple Thurston

Whose new play is about to be produced in London. His book, "The Realist," is just published by Messrs. Sisley's (2*s.* 6*d.*)

A Historical Novel, Forsooth!

The hero of Mr. Neville Maugham's story of mediæval Florence, *Richard Hawkswood*—a story centring round the personality of Lorenzo de Medici—belongs quite to the old school. There is none of your new-fangled realistic nonsense about him, whereby he speaks in short, sharp sentences, and is revealed to you as a fellow you might have known personally, had he not been born such a confoundedly long time ago. No. Richard was high-born; a "gentleman of good repute," and "a tall stripling, and I trust a gracious," who "bethinks him" to do this, but "would fain" do that, because "'tis a parlous business" to do the other. We know this kind of hero, and to find him in Florence, of course means that we shall find him the trusty and adventurous henchman of Lorenzo, who shall have gory adventures with presumptuous knaves and, incidentally, love the fair Maddaléna. Were it not that Miss Bowen, in "The Viper of Milan," succeeded in making the strenuous period of Northern Italy so very vivid and interesting, *Richard Hawkswood* might have come to us a little fresher—but its ground was largely cut away by that excellent novel. But, peradventure, there be those who like their historical novels told in the manner of Lytton and G. P. R. James, and for such-like, forsooth, *Richard Hawkswood* were a pleasing, if mild-mannered screed, being published by the ancient and worthy house of Blackwood.

"Names for Baby"

Perhaps the most original idea that has come for years out of the publishing house of Messrs. Pearson is *Names for Baby*, a dictionary of Christian names with meanings, derivations, variations, diminutives, and pronunciations, compiled by Mr. J. H. Settle. Really, the wonder is that nobody thought of it before. So many of us have been sent forth into the world with commonplace or unmanageable names solely because our panic-stricken parents have not had by them some such handy volume at the time of our *début*. The young housewife would not dream of sending forth an apple-dumpling without the advisory aid of Mrs. Beeton; surely, in sending forth that much more serious production, a baby, she should have some guidance in the matter of nomenclature? The book is a mine of information of practical value. For instance, one might have been inclined to christen one's firstborn Abihu. Not, however, after referring to *Names for Baby*—for the name is that of a "son of Aaron burnt by fire for disobeying one of the commands of God!" Again, one might have been on the very verge of christening him Algernon when—wrath of Mr. Frank Richardson!—one reads, at the eleventh hour, that it means "with whiskers"!!! Should we be less ambitious, and select, say, Herbert, we are encouraged to our purpose by the reminder of the book—

HERBERT (Teutonic), a great warrior. The late Mr. Herbert Spencer was the celebrated philosopher.

Also, apropos Thomas—

Thomas Moore was the famous Irish poet and song writer.

But the subtle revelations of *Names for Baby* are too numerous for further citation. The book is most handy in size, and would fit the waistcoat pocket to a nicety, should hurried reference thereto on the day of the baptism of little Gellibrand or Lidwina be imposed on one to endow the officiating bishop, priest, or deacon, with true knowledge and understanding of the proper spelling of their names.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Powers of Committees of Golf Clubs

An old trouble is once more agitating the minds of members of a great Southern club, which involves the question of the rights and powers of the committee of a golf club. In most clubs the committee have power to make any regulations and by-laws which they may deem necessary, and these hold good until set aside by a general meeting of the club. The club, therefore, in nearly all cases, reserves to itself the final authority in all matters affecting the club, and this final authority is vested in the general meeting. Now, it would seem on the face of it that this reservation of final authority is a wise and necessary proviso. In theory, its wisdom is unassailable, but in practice, I am not so sure about it.

General Meetings

General meetings, in my experience, are very bad bodies when it come to a question of deciding some knotty point of club law. In the first place, very few general meetings are attended by sufficient members to make their decision of such authority as to be binding without question on the club. I have, sufficiently often, given my opinion of the general or, as it is termed, the business meeting of the premier club to make it unnecessary to emphasise afresh my views as to its deliberative, legislative, or executive qualities. The club which I have in my mind at present has, for a considerable period, been faced with a serious difficulty in regard to its course. It has been patent for a long time that the course, as at present laid out, does not meet the requirements of a Championship course. I am not now concerned as to the particular merits or demerits of the course. Suffice it to say that there is a widely prevalent opinion that some alteration is required if Championships are to be held on it in future as in the past.

The Crux of the Matter

The crux of the present course is the difficulty of avoiding a congestion in a crowded competition owing to the number of holes which can be reached from the tee in the first half of the round. An alternative course has been devised, but, so far as I can gather, has not found favour with a strong body of the members forming what may best be described as the "ten and upwards handicap brigade." The committee are, therefore, seeking powers to alter a rule of the club forbidding any material alteration in the course without the previous sanction of a general meeting. The club is now divided into two camps—those favouring and those opposing the granting of powers to the general committee of the club to make alterations in the course off their own bat.

OLD BROWN: "That was a close match we played. Will you have a return to-morrow?"
YOUNG SMITH: "No, thanks. Better not overdo myself. Guess I'll have a rest to-morrow, and go to the office"
(*Drawn by G. L. Stampa*)

Are the Committee Asking Too Much?

No doubt, at the first blush, it may seem that the committee are asking for greater powers than ought to be entrusted to them, and that, if the club gives them these powers, it is relinquishing a very important part of its authority as the final court. But when we come to examine the matter a little more closely we shall find that the club is not parting with, but simply delegating its authority to a more compact and workable body than the general meeting. The committee is elected only for a certain term, and care is generally exercised that its members shall be chosen as representative of each class of players in the club. If, then, the members are careful, when constituting their committee, to select the best and most representative members, so that the views of all sections shall be voiced at the committee meetings, it would seem that their interests ought to be safe. Of course, the constitution of the committee is the vital point in this argument. A general meeting, in my experience, is a very amorphous and difficult body, and I would far rather trust to a good, sound, and energetic committee large enough to be thoroughly representative, but not too large to be active and resolute, whenever important questions had to be decided. A golf club is an extremely difficult thing to run to the general satisfaction of its members. The members are divided into so many categories that what satisfies one party inevitably displeases another. I think, therefore, that it is a wise move to give large powers to a committee. The general meeting will always remain as a check to ill-advised and revolutionary proceedings.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Hockey Varia

This paragraph went to press before the results of last Saturday's matches were known, but up to that day the three clubs which were pre-eminent in London hockey last year still remained unbeaten. They are Staines, Southgate, and Hampstead. Last year, it will be remembered, Staines had not been beaten for three years until Hampstead overcame them by one goal to nothing, and then Hampstead in their turn succumbed to Southgate (whereas Staines have not since been defeated), so that the interest when these three clubs come to encounter each other this season will be quite absorbing. The fun begins next Saturday, when Staines and Hampstead meet at Richmond, and the match, if both teams turn out all right, should provide a splendid exposition of the game. It will also, incidentally, serve to test the efficacy of the four-half-back game (as played by Staines) against the three halves and a goalkeeper. In county hockey, Middlesex seems likely to carry off the Championship. She has already beaten both Surrey and Kent, though the former were unlucky in having to do without both Shoveller and Logan, but the Middlesex defence, with the Staines pair at back, takes a lot of beating. The match between Kent and Essex at Blackheath on the 21st was, to some extent, spoilt by the heavy going, but it served to bring out the undoubted excellence of the Essex halves, whose determined play quite broke up the attacks of the Kent forwards, while it also contributed not a little to the margin of goals (4 to 1) by which Essex won. Everybody is pleased with the working of the new roll-in rule, but finality has apparently not been reached yet, for it has been suggested that a hit-in might be better still. It has the obvious advantage that there would be more hockey in it; and, moreover, it would do away with any tendency that might be (and apparently occasionally is) developed to bump the ball in instead of rolling it.

Lawn Tennis: More "Trade Influence" Trouble

A somewhat mysterious paragraph appeared in the dailies last week to the effect that a crisis has arisen in American lawn tennis owing to the refusal of the English Lawn-Tennis Association to elect Beals Wright, the American player, as one of the foreign and Colonial representatives on its Council, and that a special meeting of the Lawn-Tennis Association of America has been convened in order to consider the question of the amateur status of Beals Wright and one or two other American players. Now, of course, the American Association is quite free to embark upon an investigation of this kind if it likes; but if it thinks that such a proceeding is rendered necessary by anything that happened at the meeting of the English Association the other day, it is mistaken. The English Association did not refuse to elect Wright a member of Council.

The Essex v. Kent Hockey Match at Blackheath: A good stroke by Essex

Essex were successful in beating Kent by 4 goals to 1, mainly due to the excellent play of the Essex halves

What happened was this: Someone proposed him as one of the six "foreign and Colonial" representatives who are annually elected to the Council, whereupon someone else got up and said that he understood that Wright was connected with a firm of manufacturers of lawn-tennis balls, rackets, etc., in America, and asked whether, as the meeting had already decided that a person connected with the lawn-tennis trade was not eligible to serve on the Council, the proposal of his name was in order. A councilman then said that he believed it to be a fact that Wright's father was, or had been, connected with the lawn-tennis trade, but that he was not aware that Wright himself had anything to do therewith, while his proposer said that he was not in the least prepared for the question that had been raised, and was quite unable, of his own knowledge, to say anything upon it, so that he thought it best, rather than that there should be any discussion, or any doubt thrown upon Wright's eligibility, to withdraw his name altogether. And this he accordingly did. I think this explanation will be useful, in order to correct the impression which apparently exists—at any rate in America—that the English Association has sat in judgment, so to speak, upon Wright and found him wanting in the necessary qualification for membership of its Council.

South Africa Beats Ireland by Three Points after Leading by Nine

After the splendid rally made by the Irish team at Belfast on Saturday in the second half of their match with the South Africans, they deserved a better fate than to be beaten on the post by an odd try. With a lead of nine points at half-time and the wind in their favour, the South Africans were, perhaps, justified in pursuing the policy of which they are so fond when thus happily situated — that of trying to keep down their opponents' score rather than augment their own; but it nearly lost them the match. The Irish forwards were so good that they might, with advantage, have taken the attack into their own hands even more than they did, for their backs, though individually strong, showed very little combination. Many of the Irish forward rushes would have led to a score if the ball had not been kicked just a trifle too hard at the critical moment, and if Joubert had not been very much on the spot at full-back. He is certainly an acquisition to the team, and in this department—full-back—Ireland were proportionately unlucky, for Heneberry was very unreliable.

An Interesting Dunn Cup Tie at Queen's

The Old Reptonians thoroughly deserved their victory—a rather unexpected one by the way—over the Old Malvernians on Saturday, for their forwards work well together, and their backs, without being brilliant, were very steady in defence, and worked hard all through. G. S. Harris was in great form, both in dribbling and shooting, and the second goal, which he scored with a tremendous left-foot plug while going at full tilt, was a masterpiece. Birks was about the next best forward on the ground after him, for S. H. Day, on the other side, was not "on it"; neither was Cornelius.

Racing: THE END OF THE SEASON

By Carbine

The Last of Flat-Racing

The flat-racing season, which ended at Manchester on Saturday, will probably not be marked among the really great years of the Turf; but for many reasons it will be memorable. The brilliant victories of Spearmint for the extraordinarily lucky Major Loder in the Derby and the Great Prix de Paris; the great improvement in the form of both Keystone II. and Troutbeck; the tremendous success of Polymelus towards the end; the mighty triumph of Bachelor's Button over the idolised Pretty Polly at Ascot—by all these things we shall remember the season of 1906. As usual at this time of the year, we are assailed with a regular avalanche of interesting racing statistics; but as on other pages in this issue the winning owners, horses, trainers, and jockeys, are photographically displayed, further reference to them here is unnecessary.

Spate Wins at Manchester

It is pleasant to think that the season ended splendidly for Bystander readers, as our two horses at Manchester won their races in fine style. Kaffir Chief took the Castle Irwell Handicap at the good odds of 4 to 1, while Spate's success in the Manchester November Handicap at 100 to 7 was indeed a triumph for this paper—the only one, I believe, to select the winner outright. Nothing in the race ever stood a chance with Spate. He got smartest away, and was never seriously troubled all through that tiring mile and a half. Congratulations to Captain Orr-Ewing on his victory and the possession of a genuinely good stayer.

Successful Selections

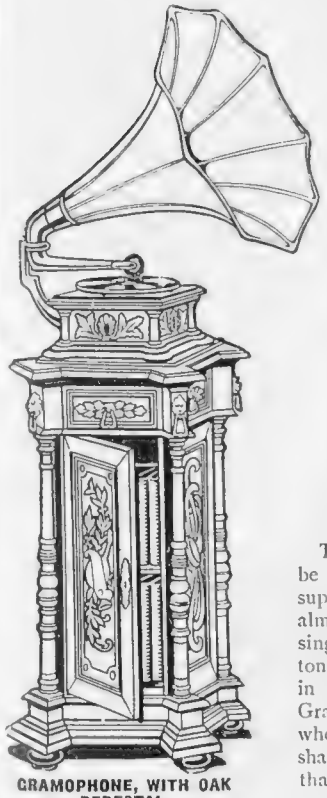
Someone who has done me the honour to follow the forecasts which have been made in these pages with regard to the principal races of the season tells me that a £10 investment on each of the black-type selections has resulted in a profit of about £500. Remembering the frequent difficulties that occur in weighing up the chances of a race several days before its decision—so much may happen in the interval to upset calculations — this may be reckoned an exceptionally good return. We can take credit for having predicted the success of Flair in the One Thousand Guineas, of Donnetta in the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes (5 to 1), of Lally in the Newmarket Stakes, and Spearmint in the Derby (6 to 1), giving Troutbeck (33 to 1) for a place, of Bachelor's Button in the Manchester Cup, of Dinneford in the Royal Hunt Cup, of Outbreak in the Northumberland Plate, of Polymelus in the Duke of York Stakes and the Cambridgeshire, of Mintagon in the Cesarewitch, of Bibiani in the Liverpool Cup, of Roseate Dawn in the Grosvenor Cup (8 to 1), of Kaffir Chief and Spate at Manchester last week, etc. Altogether, an excellent year, on which one looks back with no little satisfaction.

Madame Adelina Patti's Legacy to the World

"HER GRAMOPHONE RECORDS"

In an interview which appeared in "The Graphic" of Nov. 24th, Madame Patti expressed herself regarding the Gramophone in these terms:

"Caruso sings to me on the Gramophone. And what an invention that is! The old records that they took of my voice were good, but those which they are just bringing out are perfect. I have heard nothing better, unless it be Caruso's *Pagliacci* record, and that of the duet from *I due Foscari*, which he sings with Scotti. In these days, you see, even in the wilds of Wales one can keep in touch with the outside world."



GRAMOPHONE, WITH OAK PEDESTAL

PATTI has also written the following letter:

"I am quite satisfied that future generations should hear my voice by means of the Gramophone, and I think the records are faithful reproductions of my voice."

Gramophone Records recently made by Madame Adelina Patti.

12-inch Records.

03053	Home, Sweet Home (*Sir H. Bishop*).
03062	The Last Rose of Summer (*Thomas Moore*).
03059	Robin Adair.
03061	Comin' thro' the Rye.
03054	Old Folks at Home.
03064	Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town.
03057	Kathleen Mavourneen (*Crouch*).
03060	Si vous n'avez rien a me dire (*Baroness Willy de Rothschild*).
03056	Jewel Song ("Faust"—*Gounod*).
03058	La Serenata (*Tosti*).
03055	Batti, Batti ("Don Giovanni"—*Mozart*).
03052	Pur Dicesti (*Lotti*).
03051	Voi che Sapete ("Nozze di Figaro"—*Mozart*).
03063	On Parting (*Adelina Patti*).

THE SHERATON GRAMOPHONE

The Gramophone to-day is a musical instrument, and must be treated as such. Two kinds of Gramophone Needles are supplied. The ordinary Needle reproduces the voice with almost the same volume of sound as is given by the artiste when singing. The Pianissimo Gramophone Needle subdues the tones, and gives a very soft sweet effect, as of a voice heard in the distance. This Needle is suitable for playing the Gramophone in small rooms. It is also useful to the student, who may wish to repeat over and over again a phrase or a shake by Madame Patti, or a difficult piece of execution by that wonderful artiste, Mischa Elman. On no account should any but genuine Gramophone Needles be used with a Gramophone Record.

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THE GRAMOPHONE & TYPEWRITER, Ltd., 21, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

Britain's Great Advance

While the ten-score odd exhibitors of British automobile products at the late Olympia Show are clearing their stands and returning their exhibits to their various places of business, it may be of interest to consider how the British industry now stands in relation to that of its foreign competitors. Everyone in any way interested in automobilism is aware that by reason of restrictive legislation, and that general conservatism of policy which is one of our most prominent characteristics as a nation, the British motor industry has been heavily handicapped in the race for supremacy. It is matter for sincere congratulation all round that, despite this handicap, the British industry to-day is second to none in automobile affairs Britain's position among the nations, if not incontrovertably foremost, is unquestionably equal to that of any other country. We have set an example to the world which is being very freely copied in the adoption of the six-cylinder principle, and we have gained a reputation among motorists at home and abroad for the production of sound and reliable cars which need fear no foe in fair and open competition. It is noteworthy that most of the leading Continental manufacturers made it their business to visit our Show, and it is satisfactory to know that, in almost every case, our friendly rivals have expressed the warmest admiration of what they have seen. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which has done, perhaps, more than any other corporation to further the advancement of British automobilism, has added, in the last twelve months, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two British firms to its roll of membership. These, of course, are not all manufacturers of automobiles, but the advent of such well-known British cars as the Deasy, the Auston, and the Weigel, within the time mentioned, is a significant indication of the contention that our progress has been of late remarkably rapid.

Car-icatures: III.—Mr. Frank Hedges Butler
A familiar figure in automobile circles, who is an equally well-known aeronaut as motorist. He is the founder of the Aero Club
(DRAWN BY A. P. F. RITCHIE)

Motor Garb

Now that the winter is upon us, the question of appropriate clothing while motoring is one deserving of careful consideration. Ladies particularly should take every precaution to wrap themselves in wind-resisting attire. Furs and leather-lined coats are all very well, but I have known instances in which serious illnesses have been contracted by inattention to footwear. A very simple and at the same time most effective warmth conserver is a thin strip of cork placed inside the boot, and any of the excellent ankle wraps which were on view in the gallery at Olympia will be found highly efficacious. It was curious to note the manner in which many well-known lady automobilists attired themselves for their visit to the Exhibition. Motor hats, veils, and coats were conspicuous, and although these were doubtless desirable when motoring to or from the Show, they were scarcely necessary during the perambulation of the well-warmed and well-lighted Hall. A hint may, perhaps, with advantage be given here that, at indoor gatherings, the discarding of one's outer garments, no matter how nice they look, is eminently desirable.

* * *

Taxation

As announced in last week's BYSTANDER, Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, stated definitely that taxation on horse-power will have no part or lot in any forthcoming legislation. A suggestion worthy of commendation has been made by Mr. Noel Kenealy, one of the editors of *Motoring Illustrated*. It is that taxation of motor-cars should be based on cylinder capacity, with total weight as a divisor. By this means, the two-seated car of high power, which does most damage to the roads, and occasions more antipathy to automobilism than any other type of vehicle, would be taxed more heavily in proportion than a car of similar engine-power with properly equipped touring-body.

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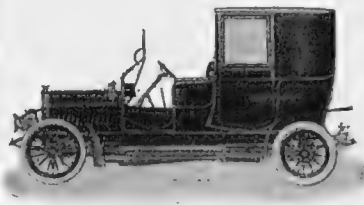

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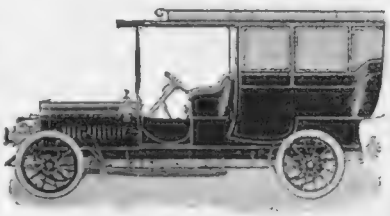

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Globe, 14/11/06.

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Onlooker, 17/11/06.

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The Movements of the Motor-'Bus

A VEHICLE WHOSE VOGUE IS NOT CONFINED TO LONDON

Photo] **In the Kaiser's capital** [*Underwood and Underwood*

Even Berlin now has its motor-'buses, and at the recent Motor Show the Kaiser himself went for a trial trip in one of these vehicles. The type here illustrated holds twenty-two persons

By the seaside

A Great Eastern Railway motor-'bus, which runs from Ipswich, on the foreshore at Shotley Pier. This Company have been successful in linking up places along the coast of East Anglia hitherto untouched by the railway by means of an excellent service of motor omnibuses, which, during the past summer, have been extensively patronised

By Appointment to H.M. THE KING.

The Representative British Car.

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Experience and Organisation.

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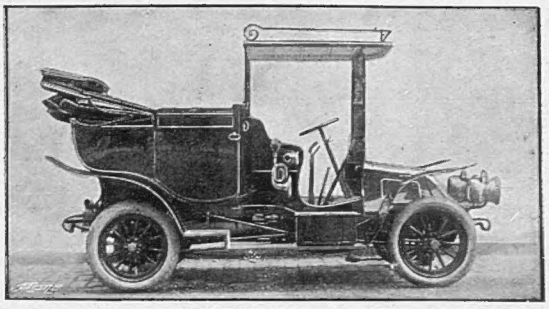
PETROL LANDAULETTES



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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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Autocars

Olympia Show, Stand 54.

On the Stand of these famous cars was shown a similar model to one which has been ordered by H.M. Queen Alexandra. Also the identical car which secured the only Gold Medal awarded to a petrol-driven car in the recent Town Motor Carriage Competition.

"Recognised as the Cars with the Perfect Control. Renowned for their reliability, and ease of running, they still maintain their high position among the leaders of the British motor industry."

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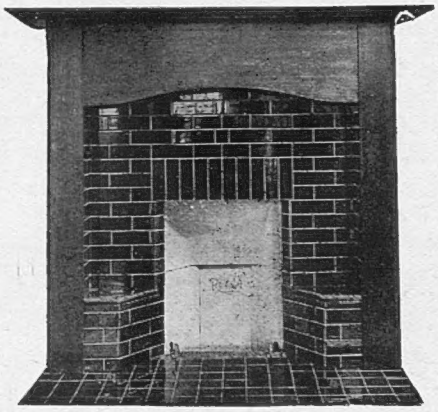

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FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write, the Show at Olympia commands the situation, and, one can only trust, results will justify the belief that this is the finest thing in Motor Shows ever yet attained.

From my point of view, it is something of a regret that we women do not make more of the opportunity for the display of representative toilettes. True, Olympia does not lend itself wholly well to the display of dress; still, my optimism is such, I am prepared to predict that, feminine desire pointing in this direction, male acquiescence would quickly take the cue. Meanwhile, all our leading shops have stepped gallantly into the breach, and have seriously fanned the flame for acquiring presentable as well as practical motoring attire.

Acquascutum, 100, Regent Street

It always affords me the most complete satisfaction to visit this leading house in motoring habiliments. The specialising spirit is so pronounced, and, as everyone admits, minds concentrated on one given subject must of necessity produce the best. Anyway, the Acquascutum may lay claim to having arisen above all criticism, their wonderful cloths finding friends all the world over in the various weights and qualities. It is worthy of remark that the firm have seen no reason to vacate the emphasis placed last year on green, the majority of the present season's productions evincing that verdant tendency. Very frequently the suggestion is almost invisibly slight, merging into a grey ground, while the *penchant* is obvious for tender parsley and willow reflections.

A large green overcheck is the distinguishing note of that very desirable example depicted by Miss Pleydel Young, collar, cuffs, and buttons of leather accentuating this contrast. And there is also a waistcoat of the leather, which, if desired, can be made detachable through the medium of safety clasps, and forms a very material addition for cold weather. Over and over again one hears the formula, "There is nothing like leather to keep out the cold." At the same time, leather unrelieved has necessarily come to have a certain stigma attached to it by reason of its wholesome adoption by the chauffeur contingent, consequently it is much more æsthetically pleasing employed in some such manner as is here suggested.

During the period of fur wraps in particular, is "The Coverall"—an idea brought out by the Company some two years ago—in great request. Broadly, this is cut on the lines of a kimono, the armhole of immense depth; but, in place of leaving the wrist free, all the superfluous material at that point is gathered into a close, adaptable fitting cuff. If destined exclusively as a coverall, this model is not lined; whereas, when accepted, as it very often is, as a wrap complete in itself. Acquascutum devise a *doublure* of plush, fleece, or fur, and this, again, if desired, can be made detachable. But there is, as I have said, a complete concentration of purpose at 100, Regent Street, where the sports costume, by the way, is building up a fame very little short already of that obtained by the various types of coat.

A green overcheck motor coat
(Sketched at Acquascutum, Ltd., by K. Pleydel Young)

BENSDORP'S

The Ideal and Healthful beverage. Compare it with other cocoas for its delicacy of taste, its smoothness, its strength. The cocoa with the Yellow Wrapper

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'Allenburys' The DIET

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This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

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For those who cannot readily digest milk the 'Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

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The Chinois Corsage

The plaint may be lodged that this is an obsession with me, and, also, there will be rightly proclaimed the obvious fact that the big drapery establishments have not exploited it. The latter is quite true, and what is equally so, the lamentable disinclination of the average Englishwoman to accept any vogue that is not well rubbed in through the medium of a fine plate-glass display. Nothing more completely exasperates me than to hear a fresh departure condemned because its presence is not sufficiently familiar in the shop windows. Of course, it will be clearly understood I am referring to the conduct of women who ought to know better, but whose dressing is, nevertheless, a clear index of minds that are fearful to venture forward, except in company with a whole battalion.

A New Outline

After which small tirade, let me advance, for your best appreciation, a pictorial example of the Chinois corsage.

Now, frankly, is not this one of the very prettiest persuasions we have been privileged to enjoy for some time? Suggestive of the combined elements of the cape, *fichu*, and pinafore bodice, the whole effects an entirely fresh silhouette, and one that grows in virtue, the more accustomed the eye becomes to its elegant form. In selecting a material for its expression, darker than the accompanying skirt, Miss Pleydel Young has inevitably lent strength to the corsage as a distinctive feature, with the added accentuation of a Terry velvet picture-hat *en suite*. Brown, with a biscuit-cloth skirt, would be good, the corsage relieved by an Oriental *galon*, in dull colourings, worked up with gold, and a tiny gold bob-fringe and tassels.

The Chinois Corsage
The latest and one of the most elegant edicts of fashion
(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

The soft *frou-frou* sleeve frills would be of brown chiffon, the latter material an almost invariable accompaniment of these wide-sleeve bodices, about which I could cheerfully write myself and everybody else weary.

Picturesque Frocks for Picturesque Children

It is in no sort fancy, that the children of to-day are more generally picturesque than their mothers. This is quite as palpable as that women are growing taller and larger of build in every way. And about these same picturesque children, the feeling for velvet frocks and coats, as perhaps may be surmised in some quarters, has never been more prevalent. Princesse velvet dresses, the skirt shaped out very sharply at the hem, are among the covetable possessions for Christmas parties, the petticoats beneath a "tempest of lace."

To fill in the slight round *décolletage*, there is introduced a drawn tucker of net or lace, and I have seen, in sufficient instances to render it worthy of note, a predilection for short, wide cape sleeves, supported by under-*bouffants* of net. This is quite an enchanting idea, and should commend itself to mothers whose offspring incline to the lean and slender kind. While, with regard to the tempestuous petticoats, fully as much attention is paid to these as the frock itself, the latter, indeed, in many instances, making an affectation of studied simplicity. Silk ninon, by the way, creates ideal dance dresses, weighted at the hem by a deep fold of soft silk or washing satin. Given that the small wearer has any pretensions at all to be classed as an embryo *danseuse*, there is no question at all as to the *raison d'être* of the wide dancing skirts, a fashion that has grown in proportion with the progressive dancing lesson now enjoyed by the budding generation.

As an evening wrap, the stereotyped Red Riding-hood cloak is being entirely eclipsed by silk-lined wadded coats of white fur. Peltry history is averse to recording what this fur actually is, but in appearance it is so admirable, and as the wear and warmth are equally creditable, searching inquiries are quite superfluous. It would be difficult to find a more attractive picture than that of a sweet picturesque baby face and figure comfortably ensconced within the depths of one of these white fur wraps.

A Fragrant Soap for Ladies

Soap is in the air, metaphorically of course, what with Soap Trusts and rumours of Soap Trusts, but at the moment of writing a fragrant scent of soap does actually pervade the room, and the perfume has its origin in a delightful tablet of Allen-Brown's English Violet Toilet Soap, which is only to be obtained from the Misses Allen Brown, F.R.H.S., The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex. This is a deliciously fragrant toilet requisite of the very highest quality, and will not harm the most sensitive skin, and no one will regret the shilling asked for a tablet, and the buyer will not be happy unless she is recommending it to her bosom friend.